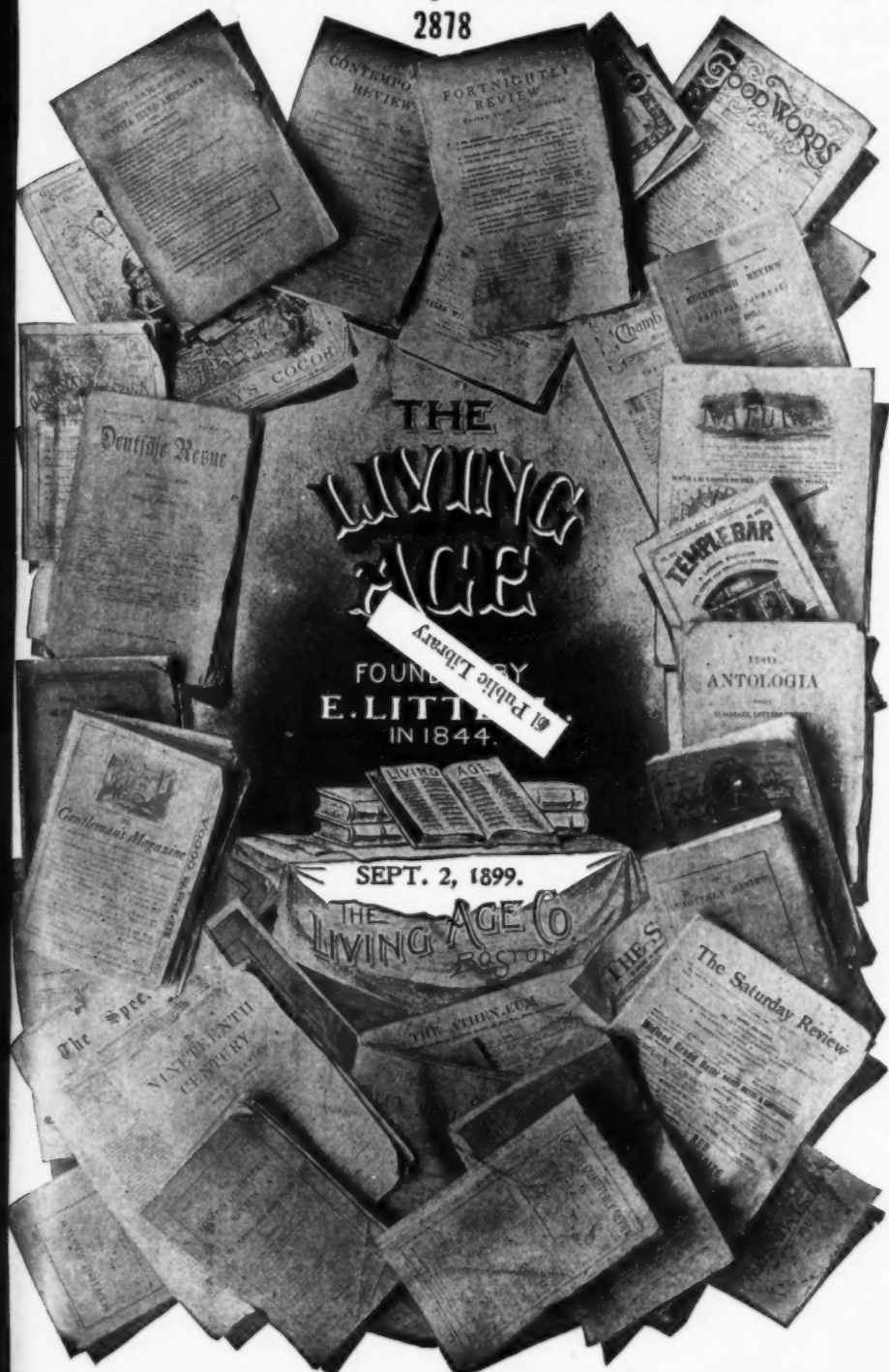


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CONTENTS

I. Puritanism and English Literature. <i>By Edward Dowden.</i>	
	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW 593
II. The Mean Englishman. <i>By Joseph Jacobs.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 608
III. The Child's Heart. <i>By Arthur Austin-Jackson.</i>	SPEAKER 616
IV. The Old House: A Romance. (Concluded.)	NUOVA ANTOLOGIA 617
	Translated for The Living Age from the Italian of "Neera."
V. While Waiting in a Friend's Room. <i>By Sir Algernon West.</i>	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY 623
VI. Tolstoi. <i>By Edouard Rod.</i>	629
	Translated for The Living Age by H. Twitchell.
VII. Voices of Africa. <i>By William Charles Scully.</i>	SPECTATOR 633
VIII. Cynthia's Wager. <i>By Anthony C. Deane.</i>	TEMPLE BAR 634
IX. A Child. <i>By Winifred Lenox.</i>	640
X. A City of Strange Customs. <i>By Amyas Clifford.</i>	GOOD WORDS 641
XI. Concerning Catalogues. <i>By E. V. Lucas.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 646
XII. Pioneer Naturalists.	SPECTATOR 650

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Modern Industrial Japan.	STAFFORD RANSOME	655
"Sweetness."	MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD	658
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		661
BOOKS OF THE MONTH.		664

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FROM BEGINNING
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PURITANISM AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

The greatness of Elizabethan literature arose from the unity of the national mind, in which the streams of the Renaissance and the Reformation had met and mingled. The enthusiasm of the years which followed the destruction of the Spanish Armada fused together powers which often work in opposition or apart. Reason, passion, and imagination co-operated one with another, and through their co-operancy gave substance and form to the poetry of Shakespeare and of Spenser, to the prose of Bacon and of Hooker. The literature of pleasure had never before attained to such seriousness in beauty, the literature of knowledge had never before been so infused with imaginative power. In such works as "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," and "The Tempest," there is a depth of reflection equal to their heights of poetical vision. Spenser is at once a weaver of dreams and a teacher of truth. Hooker cannot discuss the sign of the cross in baptism or the rites of burial until he has first expounded his magnificent conception of the universe under a reign of law. The scientific writings of Bacon—later as these are in date—are the utterances of a great imaginative seer rather than of a fully equipped scientific student. If his na-

ture was lacking in passion of other kinds, he had assuredly an unbounded passion for universal knowledge, and for the power to enhance the worth of human life which knowledge confers. But gradually in the history of our literature there was a descent from the heights. The unity of the national mind was broken or impaired. Passion in large measure transferred itself from literature to the affairs of politics and religion. Reason, confronted with urgent practical problems, grew perplexed. Imagination waned, and often yielded to the seductions of easy and vulgar pleasure. A period of doubt and difficulty followed a period of steadfast and daring advance. Two doctrines in religion arrayed themselves each against the other. Two parties in the State entered upon a great contention. Two theories of life and conduct stood opposed. All things tended towards a vast disruption; and in the strife of King and Commonwealth, of Puritan and of Anglican, that disruption was accomplished.

The chief glory of Elizabethan literature was the drama, with the deepest passion and the most heroic actions of humanity for its theme. It had its basis in what is most real in the life of man, and what is real was interpreted into the highest meanings of Imag-

ination. During the later years of the reign of James I. and during the reign of Charles the drama lost touch with reality; it was cut off from its true basis of supply. It advanced with a showy gallantry, but its strength and solidity of movement were gone. It relied too often, as with Massinger and Fletcher, on overstrained, fantastic motives. It deserted the substantial ground of national history. It endeavored to excite a jaded imagination with extravagances of romantic passion or even of unnatural lust. It sought for curiosities of prettiness in sentiment and imagery. It supported its decline by splendors appealing to the senses; vast sums of money were expended upon the masque. It grew shallow in true passion and meditative wisdom. It grew rhetorical; its moralities are often those of eloquent periods. And if at times less rudely gross than the earlier drama, it was infected with a subtler and a baser spirit of evil. Nor do other forms of poetry compensate the decline of the drama. While much in the Jacobean and Caroline lyric poetry is admirable in its kind, a charming intermixture of nature with art, of grace with gay effrontery, it does not often deal with the great lyric themes in a spirit of serious beauty; it ceases to be in any large sense an interpretation of life.

To us, looking back upon the period, the literature of pleasure may be worth far more than its theological treatises or its political pamphlets; grace and gaiety are always welcome gifts, fresh and living, while the theological and political controversy of the seventeenth century concerns us chiefly as a matter of history. The questions so fiercely debated then are not the questions which concern us today, or at least they require for our uses to be re-stated in modern terms. But to a man of serious mind, living in the years which preceded the strug-

gle between the King and the Parliament, the poetry of the time would have been found by him in those folios and quartos on which the dust now gathers in our libraries. The same cannot be said of the contemporaries of Shakespeare or of Spenser: for them the poetry of the time was a large and true interpretation of life. And science and theology were then a genuine portion of literature.

Was there a check, an interruption, of the higher intellectual life of England? Yes—to a certain extent. The Renaissance influence in literature, separated from the serious temper of the Reformation, dwindled and suffered degradation; the spirit of liberty, entangled with politics, set itself to resolve urgent, practical problems, and lost some of its nobler ideality. Human freedom—that indeed was still sought; but freedom came to mean deliverance from an unjust tax or from an inquisitorial bishop. The spirit of the Reformation separated from the Renaissance influence lost some of its more liberal temper in a narrow Scripturalism and in pettiness of moral rigor. But the political and religious questions could not be put aside; they, too, supplied a stern discipline for the intellect; in their solution an effort was made on behalf of liberty of thought, narrowed in its meaning though liberty of thought might be by the exigencies of the time. The more enlightened Puritanism contained within it a portion of the spirit of the Renaissance. The mundane spirit of the Renaissance, in its lower form of commercial interests, by degrees allied itself with Puritanism. The higher tendencies of the Renaissance re-emerged in the great scientific movement of the second half of the seventeenth century. Through the strife of parties and the tangle of interests a real progress is discernible.

Poetical literature, in the years of

growing trouble, had in some degree, as has been said, lost touch with reality. The Cavalier poets produced their gallant songs of pleasure, of fancy, of delicate melody; but they do not, and they did not, sway the life of man. Two things, however, became more real and gravely earnest. One of these concerned the corporate life of the nation—the great contention between King and people. The other concerned primarily the inner life of the individual soul. In Elizabethan literature these two things had not fallen apart. Spenser's "*Faërie Queene*" deals essentially with the life of the soul and its combat with the various foes and tempters which beset that life; but it is also a poem concerning the honor and well-being of England. It is a moral or spiritual allegory; but at the same time it is an historical allegory. Gloriana is at once the glory of God and the Queen of England; St. George is at once the knight of Holiness and the patron saint of England. Shakespeare can search the mysteries of the solitary soul in Hamlet, but he can also celebrate the glories of his country at Agincourt, and raise his chant of patriotic triumph. Such poetry became impossible in the days of James and of Charles. Men who were interested in public life were putting on their armor for an internecine struggle. Men who were concerned for the life of the soul, if they did not carry that concern into the public strife and become the zealots of a party, were tempted to retreat from the world of action, like the devout company at Little Gidding or certain of the Puritan fugitives to America, and they nourished the spirit of religion in secret or in little communities. The highest Elizabethan literature is at once mundane and, in the truest sense of the word, religious. At a later time the mundane literature became wholly mundane, often even frivolously or basely mundane; the relig-

ious literature, when it ceases from controversy, often ceases to regard the affairs of earth, which is but a City of Destruction or a Vanity Fair, and has its gaze intensely fixed upon another world, where the Saint will attain his Rest.

II.

One of the first effects of the Protestant Reformation was a quickening of self-consciousness in matters of religion. External rites, ordinances, and ceremonies seemed for many devout men and women to lose much of their virtue. To some they became matters of indifference; to others they appeared hostile to the true life of the soul. The realm of sense was viewed as if it were separated by a deep gulf from the realm of the spirit. There have, indeed, always existed the two types of mind which we may call the Catholic and the Puritan, to one of which the visible and the invisible are only different aspects of one great reality, while to the other they stand apart as sundered or even as antagonistic powers. In a review of Newman's "*Phases of Faith*," written many years ago by the most venerable of living thinkers, Dr. Martineau endeavors to distinguish between these two conceptions of life and the world and of God's relation to it in a passage which it is worth while to quote at some length. According to the Catholic conception the two spheres of sense and spirit seem to melt into each other under the mediation of a kind of divine chemistry; "hence," he goes on,

"the invariable presence of some physical element in all that Catholicism looks upon as venerable. Its rites are a manipular invocation of God. Its miracles are examples of incarnate divineness in old clothes and winking pictures. Its ascetic discipline is founded on the notion of a gradual consumption of the grosser body by the

encroaching fire of the spirit; till in the ecstatica the frame itself becomes ethereal and the light shines through. Nothing can be more offensive than all this to the Evangelical [or, as we may put it, the Puritan] conception, which plants the natural and the spiritual in irreconcilable contradiction, denies to them all approach or contact, and allows each to exist only by the extinction of the other. . . . This unmediated dualism follows the Evangelical into his theory as to the state of each individual soul before God. The Catholic does not deny all divine light to the natural conscience, nor all power to the natural will of unconverted men: he maintains that these also are already under a law of obligation, may do what is well-pleasing 'before God, and by superior faithfulness qualify themselves to become subjects of grace; so that the Gospel shall come upon them as a divine supplement to the sad and feeble moral life of nature. To the Evangelical, on the contrary, the soul that is not saved is lost. . . . So, again, the contrast turns up in the opposite views taken of the divine economy in human affairs. The Evangelical detaches the elect in imagination from the remaining mass of men, sequesters them as a holy people, who must not mix themselves with the affairs of Belial. . . . The Catholic, looking on the natural universe, whether material or human, not as an antagonist but as the receptacle of the spiritual, seeks to conquer the World for the Church, and, instead of shunning political action, is ready to grasp it as his instrument."

The tendency to the one or the other of these religious conceptions, adds Mr. Martineau, marks the distinction between two great families of minds. How, we may inquire, does each conception adapt itself to literature and especially to the literature of imagination? We can at once perceive that what has been named the Catholic conception more readily finds that sensuous vehicle for its ideas which literature and art demand. It interprets the invisible by the visible; it does not suspect beauty or color or the delight

of life, but seeks to interpenetrate these with what is divine. The danger is that it may mistake what is arbitrary, artificial, or merely traditional for that which is natural, and so may construct a body of fictitious symbolism instead of discovering the veritable play of what is spiritual in and through what is sensible. Such factitious symbolism debars or diverts the mind from the genuine sources of light; at best it serves as a receptacle for truth or passion transferred to it from the mind itself. In this large sense of the word "Catholic" we might name Wordsworth in some of his earlier poems a true Catholic, discovering, as he does, the ideal in the real, the divine in the natural, the invisible in the visible; and we might name Keble, in certain of his verses, a pseudo-Catholic, applying, as he sometimes does, a factitious or a traditional symbolism to sanctify what in reality is sacred in itself. For the Puritan, on the other hand, using the word to describe a type of mind, the natural and the supernatural exist in an unmediated dualism, and it is a difficulty with him to clothe the naked idea—religious or ethical—in any sensuous medium or body. Hence Puritanism in itself is ill-fitted to produce a great art. Yet the inward life of the soul may be intense, and the more intense because it does not readily distribute itself through appointed forms; and absorbing thoughts and passions cannot fall in some way to discover or to create that outward vehicle through which alone they can secure a complete self-realization.

In the Fourth Part of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" Baxter considers the aids which the senses can afford to the spirit. It is a point of spiritual prudence, he says, to make friends of powers which are usually our enemies; our senses and their objects would not have been given to us by God if they might not be serviceable in His own

praise; the Holy Ghost in the phrase of Scripture sets forth the excellences of things spiritual in imagery borrowed from the objects of sense; the Son of God assumed our human nature "that we might know Him the better." Are we, then, to think heaven to be made of gold and pearl? Or picture Christ, "as the Papists do," in such a shape? Or believe that departed saints and angels do indeed eat and drink? Or hold that God actually is moved by human passions? Not so: we are to accept such notions as aids to our infirmity, but they cease to be aids when we take them for a literal presentation of the facts; the condescending language of the Spirit is so designed that we may "raise suppositions from our bodily senses," and so elevate our affections towards things invisible.

Suppose with thyself thou hadst been that Apostle's fellow traveller into the celestial kingdom, and that thou hadst seen all the saints in their white robes, with palms in their hands; suppose thou hadst heard those songs of Moses and the Lamb; or didst even now hear them praising and glorifying the living God. If thou hadst seen these things indeed, in what a rapture wouldst thou have been? . . . I would not have thee, as the Papists, draw them in pictures, nor use mysterious, significant ceremonies to represent them. This, as it is a course forbidden by God, so it would but seduce and draw down thy heart; but get the liveliest picture of them in thy mind that possibly thou canst.¹

Thus the imaginations of a Michael Angelo or a Raphael are forbidden to serve their fellows, unless they can employ, like Baxter himself, the medium of written words instead of the more suitable language of color and of line.

In his criticism of English Puritanism, Matthew Arnold strangely misconceived its essential character and

its governing idea. Puritanism, he told us, existed for the sake of certain doctrines derived mainly from an imperfect interpretation of the writings of Paul—the doctrines of predestination, original sin, imputed righteousness, justification by faith. The historical answer is sufficient: these doctrines, though truly Puritan in their tendency, were held by many members of the Church of England who were outside of the Puritan party and were even opposed to it. The ceremonial controversy preceded the controversy concerning theological dogma; it was independent, in a large measure, of the controversy as to Church government. To discover the dominant idea of Puritanism we must look beyond dogma to something common to every phase of the great contention. And undoubtedly the unvarying central element was this—Puritanism maintained, as far as was possible, that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible God was immediate rather than mediate. It set little store by tradition, because God had spoken to man directly in the words of revelation. It distrusted human ceremonies, because these stood between the creature and his Creator; the glory of the Christian temple is the holiness of the living temple which rises in the heart of the child of God. The pretensions of an ecclesiastical hierarchy are an estrangement of the adopted son of the Father; every lay Christian is himself a royal priest. The Calvinistic doctrines, on which Matthew Arnold laid extreme and exclusive stress, were maintained because they were held to be Scriptural, and also because they seemed to bring the divine agency immediately into every part of human life: predestination meant the presence of God's foreknowledge and God's will in every act and thought that pulsates on the globe; imputed righteousness meant that Christ and His faithful follower were

¹ "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Part IV. section 11.

regarded by the Father as one; and through faith, which justifies the believer, that union is effected.

Such was the central idea of Puritanism. Its cardinal error, which in many directions tended to defeat its own purpose, lay in a narrow conception of God as the God of righteousness alone, and not as also the God of joy and beauty and intellectual light. The higher Puritanism has been preached in our own day by Browning:

No beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each
survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour.

It was taught by Goethe in "Wilhelm Meister," where the uncle of the devout lady, in the eighth book, instructs his niece that the lit lamp and the girl loin are needful for other things than the culture of the religious spirit. But among the Puritans of the seventeenth century, few besides Milton, who was more than a Puritan, had that coherent conception of human life and human culture which recognizes the Divine Spirit as present and operative in all the higher strivings of man. Scholarship, knowledge, beauty, art appeared to Milton to be sacred things; means by which the "ruins of our first parents" may be repared; means, therefore, by which we may recover the image of God, and possess our souls in true "virtue" in its widest sense, "which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

Religious ideas and religious emotions, under the influence of the Puritan habit of mind, seek to realize themselves not in art, but, without any intervening medium, in character, in conduct, in life. It is thus that the gulf between sense and spirit is bridged: not in marble or in color is the invisible made visible, but in action public

and private—"ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost." In an ordered life, an ordered household, an ordered commonwealth, according to the ideal of Puritanism, the spirit is to be incarnated. Let the praise which Virgil gives to the Roman people be translated into Evangelical meanings and it applies accurately enough to the Puritan idea:

Others, I ween, to softer form shall
mould
The breathing bronze, shall win the
living face
From marble, plead the cause with
happier skill,
Map out the skies, and name each ris-
ing star.
Roman! be thine to rule the tribes of
men;
These be thy arts; the discipline of
peace,
To raise the fallen, to lay low the
proud.

Through what was practical in the Puritan spirit, when seen at its highest, a noble idealism breaks forth. Its canticles of joy and thanksgiving, if heard meanly in the church or chapel, are heard nobly on the battle-field. If Puritanism did not fashion an Apollo with the bow or a Venus with the apple, it fashioned virile Englishmen.

"We that serve you," writes Cromwell to the Speaker of the Parliament immediately after the amazing victory of Dunbar, "beg of you not to own us—but God alone. We pray you own this people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions;—and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth.—be-

sides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn into the like."

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

And since the instinct of beauty works indefatigably in man, other arts may be looked for in time to grow upon the foundation of a life of righteousness. Continental, if not English, critics have recognized the fact that a Puritan strain has entered into much that is most characteristic in our literature. It is present in the "Faërie Queene" as well as in "Samson Agonistes;" in the "Vision of Sin," the "Palace of Art," the "Idyls of the King;" in the poetry of the author of "Dipsychus" and the poetry of the author of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day;" in the prose of "Sartor Resartus." And though Matthew Arnold said hard things, and some of them not without good reason, of English Puritanism, the son of Thomas Arnold could not escape from an hereditary influence; the Hellenic tendency in his poetry is constantly checked and controlled by the Hebraic tendency as it had been accepted and modified by the English mind.

III.

Fortunately for Puritan art in the seventeenth century there was a great body of literature which was regarded as sacred. Puritanism may have suspected the literature of Greece and Rome; it may have cast some scorn upon the glory of Mediæval art; but it venerated the Old and the New Testaments. Not with a fully enlightened intelligence; not, certainly, in the way of modern criticism; but it found in the Bible a rule of life and a storehouse of ideas; it fed its passions with the passions of the Hebrew singers and prophets; its imagination adopted the

antique garb, not in the manner of mumming or disguising, but as proper for the uses of the day; it found in narrative and vision and parable a vehicle, already sanctified, for the invisible; it carried the genius of the Scriptures into the very heart and soul of England.

The moral rigor and the anti-cereemonial spirit of Puritanism in their immediate effects were unfavorable to a generous development of art; in their indirect effects, quickening as they did the spiritual consciousness, bracing character in a period of relaxation, and intensifying the individual temper in matters of religion, they were not wholly unfavorable. In the second half of the seventeenth century from amid the literature of moral license, when the imagination of the time, outwardly graceful and humane, was inwardly gross—

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful—

rise those creations to which the Puritan spirit contributed—"Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and, apart from the Puritan influence, such works are inexplicable. The great intellectual fact of the age was the scientific movement; it liberated the minds of men from the bondage of a narrow Scripturalism; but who shall say that the large part which England took in the scientific movement—itsself a European rather than an English phenomenon—was not aided by the habit of the loins girt and by the lit lamp, by the seriousness of spirit, now transferred from Scripture and the moral world to external nature, which Puritanism had encouraged and sustained? In Newton and his fellow inquirers of the Royal Society the seriousness of the Protestant Reformation was reunited with the exploring intellect of the Renaissance.

In the appalling loss of a living authority which should declare infallible doctrine, it was fortunate that men could in some degree steady themselves by the support of the infallible written Word. Puritanism helped the Protestant Reformation, in its more extreme developments, to define itself both in its weakness and its strength. The entire ecclesiastical polity was to be modelled on the Scriptures; some thinkers desired to model on Biblical examples the entire polity of the State. When Milton would justify the deposition and condemnation of the King, he proves from Scripture that kings and magistrates hold their authority from the people: "David first made a covenant with the elders of Israel, and so was by them anointed king; Jehoida the priest, making Jehoash king, established a covenant between him and the people. When Roboam, at his coming to the crown, rejected those conditions which the Israelites brought him, they answer him, 'What portion have we in David, or inheritance in the son of Jesse? See to thine own house, David.'" It was the unqualified reference of all forms of religious order and duty to Scripture that Hooker set himself to oppose and to correct. Every rite or ceremony, every garment worn, unless it could be justified by a precedent or a text of the Bible, was condemned as unwarrantable. The persuasions of the Oxford and Cambridge Professors of Divinity, who happened to be two foreigners, Peter Martyr and Bucer, were needed to induce Hooper to wear his consecration robes; once he preached in the questionable garb, and never again. The ring in marriage, the cross at baptism, the posture at Holy Communion, the music of organ-pipes, were causes of serious doubts and scruples. Somewhat later the controversy turned chiefly upon matters of Church government and discipline; but still the

central question was the same—Could this or that be justified by the authority of Scripture? Finally, in the reign of James I., when the Arminian High-Churchmen became dominant in the Anglican communion, the questions grew of deeper import—they concerned doctrine, which Hooker himself would have determined alone by the written Word.

A new race of Schoolmen—Protestant schoolmen of the Reformation—arose. Elaborate systems of theology were constructed, and the substance of those of the school of Calvin may still be found operative in the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. An admirable intellectual gymnastic they afford to a certain class of minds, and one who has mastered even his Shorter Catechism will have all the advantages (and the disadvantages) which attend a resolute effort to interpret the whole of things as a coherent scheme. The Holy Scriptures were, of course, accepted as the sole basis of the faith. An attempt was made to define the nature of God, to set forth His attributes; and the body of Calvinistic theology, with the precise plan of salvation, was exactly laid down. All was as definitely mapped out as the structure of the heavens in the Ptolemaic astronomy. That sense of awe and mystery derived from the Unknown and the Unknowable, in which some thinkers have found the essence of religion, was present only in a subordinate degree. Things the angels desire to look into might be boldly scrutinized by the theologian, for were they not revealed in the written Word? The source of religious emotion was not the unknown but the known; and this was methodically arranged so as to present it with the utmost precision to the intellect. But in what had been ascertained were many things wonderful, many things capable of inspiring

solemn awe, the brightest hope, the most overwhelming terror. God's eternal decree by which, for the manifestation of His glory, some men are predestined to everlasting life and others are foreordained to everlasting death, the creation of the world out of nothing, the constant, wise, and holy providence of the Creator over His work, man's fall, God's covenant with the human race, the inheritance of sin, the mediation of Christ, the irresistible nature of grace, the effectual calling and final perseverance of the saints, the endless joy of heaven, the endless gnashing of teeth in hell—these were themes for passionate contemplation, sources of agony, sources of rapture. Undoubtedly the whole scheme of belief, if imposing on some a burden which they were not able to bear, was one which helped to form certain eminent types of character, to regulate conduct, to prompt steadfast and heroic action. No believer could suppose that he lived in a world of chaos or blind chance. A just, intelligent, inflexible Ruler presided over the material world, over human society, over the course of individual lives. At the lowest the body of doctrine was a translation—in part, perhaps, a mistranslation—into supposed objective facts of the monitions and premonitions, awful or blessed, of man's moral nature, with such additions and modifications as seemed to be required by the statements of revelation.

And as there were schoolmen of the Reformation who built up a huge fabric of doctrine, so there were Protestant moralists and casuists who drew out to the utmost detail a corresponding system of conduct. From the Puritan theologians, Perkins and Ames, the study of casuistry passed to the hands of Sanderson, Hall, and Jeremy Taylor. The "Christian Directory, or Sum of Practical Theology and Cases of Conscience," by Richard Baxter,

passes from Christian ethics, or the private duties of Christians, to economics or family duties, and so proceeds to ecclesiastics, or Church duties, and Christian politics, or duties to our rulers and neighbors. The catalogue of duties and the catalogue of breaches of duty are elaborated with a minuteness which may lose something of the amplitude of a free and generous loyalty to good, but which undoubtedly exhibits conscience as presiding over every act of human life.

After discussing thirty tongue-sins and twenty questions for the conviction of drunkards; eighteen necessary qualifications of lawful recreation; eighteen sorts that are sinful; and twelve convincing questions to those who plead for such pastimes; thirty-six questions about contracts; twenty about buying and selling; sixteen respecting theft; and one hundred and seventy-four about matters ecclesiastical, he yet regrets that the want of his library at the time when he composed the work prevented him from enlarging his enumeration of cases.²

With the aid of those keen scenters, "Sayrus, Fragon, Roderigues, Tolet," the rat-hunt for sins might have yielded better sport. The excessive inwardness of the Puritan spirit quickened the mental eye for every detail that tended to moral good or evil. The genius of Duty which carries in its head the thirty tongue-sins and one hundred and seventy-four questions concerning Church affairs may not be exactly the Duty invoked in Wordsworth's ode:

Flowers laugh before thee in their
beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads.

Nevertheless, in a time of careless living and declining morals, the error of too scrupulous self-superintendence is not the most grievous error.

² Principal Tulloch in his study of Baxter; and Orme's "Life and Writings of Baxter," II, 175.

IV.

We know sufficiently through the caricatures of dramatists and novelists the grotesque side of Puritan morals and manners—the affectations of the precisian, the scruples with regard to things innocent, the casuistry by which self-indulgence was sanctified, the Hebraic phraseology, the danger of a moroseness of temper. Among the various bodies of sectaries exploring their way with little guidance, roused to all manner of extravagances of feeling, interpreting the words of Scripture by an inner light, intolerant in their rival orthodoxies, there was ample material for a caricature. But among the Puritans were not a few men and women who added to purity of morals and the happiness of domestic affections, guarded as sacred, the best graces of culture and refinement. The Puritan gentleman might surprise a nineteenth-century drawing-room by certain peculiarities of manner and of speech, but he would not offend by brutal license. His temper might be grave rather than buoyantly gay, but he would possess within certain springs of happiness which do not sap the genuine joy of human life. He might be a scholar, a lover of music, a lover of letters. We remember the early home of Milton, the house of a London scrivener of Puritanic faith and Puritanic habits, where the father would join in madrigals of his own composing, and the boy, by his father's desire and through his own passion for learning, would remain till midnight busy with his poets of Greece and Rome and his French and Italian studies. It was of a Puritan divine, Thomas Young, that Milton afterwards wrote: "First, under his guidance, I explored the recesses of the Muses, and beheld the sacred green spots of the cleft summit of Parnassus, and quaffed the Pierian cups, and,

Olio favoring me, thrice sprinkled my joyous mouth with Castalian wine." We think of the beautiful record of her husband's life written by Lucy Hutchinson. This Puritan soldier, son of one who also took the side of the Parliament,

"was apt," so his wife tells us, "for any bodily exercise; . . . he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman; he had a great love of music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly; and he had an exact ear and judgment in other music; . . . he had great judgment in paintings, gravures, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds; . . . he was wonderfully neat, cleanly, and genteel in his habit, and had a very good fancy in it; but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest, negligé habit appeared very much a gentleman; . . . his conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension; . . . everything that it was necessary for him to do he did with delight, free and unconstrained."

"He was," writes his wife, "as kind a father, as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had."

Colonel Hutchinson, the regicide, was a member of the first two Councils of the Commonwealth. It may at first sight appear a strange inconsistency that the Puritan party, possessed as many of its members truly were by a spirit of inwardness, and looking, as they did, to another country, that is, an heavenly, should yet have taken a passionate interest in mundane affairs. There were doubtless material concerns which moved them—unjust taxation, the exercise of arbitrary power in the State; there were ecclesiastical concerns—the offence of ceremonialism, the infringement of the claim to liberty of worship in the way their

conscience dictated. But it is a mistake to suppose that such a faith as theirs should weaken or impair activity in mundane affairs. Not through sacred symbol, not through the glories or the pomps of art was their faith to find an outward manifestation, but through conduct and public action. The belief that the order of the world is a divine order, that each man has his allotted part in maintaining it, that a great contention is in progress between the powers of darkness and of light, that the victory will be the Lord's, but through His human instruments, nerves the believer to put forth all his strength on behalf of what he holds to be the cause of his Supreme Ruler. The creed of Calvinism is called by Mr. Froude a creed of intellectual servitude, but he has hardly exaggerated the fact when he declares that it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. In proof of his assertion he cites the names of William the Silent, Knox, Andrew Melville, the Regent Murray, Coligny, Cromwell, Milton. If obedience to the will of God be man's highest duty, a part of that duty must be to make the will of God prevail on earth, to widen the borders of light, and co-operate, as far as a human creature may, in driving back the edge of darkness. The Puritan had hitched his wagon to a star; whether a star of bale or benison remained to be proved.

Here was something to counterbalance the inwardness of the Puritan spirit, something to maintain a just equipoise of character. And if in taking the Bible as their guide they often read into it their own meanings, often gave it passionate misinterpretations, often applied to modern life what was of transitory significance, still in the Bible they had a veritable manual of

moral wisdom and high common sense. It has been truly said that from the Bible the noblest minds among the Puritans imbibed not merely the great enthusiasm which it expresses, but also the strong practical sagacity and broad right-mindedness of which it is the emphatic teacher.³ The passion for righteousness could ally itself with a spirit of prudent and patient opportunism. "If ever there was a man who suffered fools gladly, who sought to influence and persuade, and who was ready to get something tolerable done by consent rather than get something better done by forcing it on unwilling minds, that man was Cromwell."⁴

We have seen some of the formative influences from which a Puritan literature might arise. But we must bear in mind the fact that Puritanism was only for a short time triumphant. Except for a few years, Puritanism was militant or Puritanism was depressed. We can only conjecture whether a great literature would have developed on a Puritan basis if the Commonwealth had existed even for one entire generation; we can only surmise on the question whether righteousness would have flowered in beauty and severity have worn the garments of joy. Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar" and Raphael's cartoons (which Charles II. was ready to sell) were saved for the nation by Cromwell. Two organs stood in the great hall at Hampton Court, and a pupil of Orlando Gibbons was the Protector's organist. At the wedding-feast of the Protector's daughter Frances forty-eight violins discoursed excellent music, and the company frolicked and danced until five o'clock of the November morning. For his daughter Mary's marriage Andrew Marvell furnished songs, a pastoral in which Oliver was introduced as Menalcas, and a dialogue between Endymion

³ J. L. Sanford, "Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion," p. 81.

⁴ S. R. Gardiner, "Cromwell's Place in History," p. 48.

and Cynthia, representing the bridegroom and the bride. Modest as were Cromwell's ways of private living, in State ceremonial, as Protector of England, he could be magnificent.* Although Mrs. Mary Netheway implored that the bronze statues of Venus and Cleopatra and the marble statues of Adonis and Apollo in the garden at Hampton Court, "monsters which are set up in Privy Gardens," might be demolished, there the monsters remained. But the strife of parties during the Commonwealth made it inevitable that the graver mind of England should in the main occupy itself with practical work of immediate importance. Theological folios and political pamphlets may now slumber on dusty shelves, but some of these in their day were instinct with fire; they were living forces helping to form character, to regulate conduct, to shape public action. If few of them deserve the name of literature, they yet stirred the soil from which a literature might have sprung. And certain works remain to us which serve as more than an indication of the possibilities of a Puritan literature. We have the impassioned exhortations of "The Saints' Rest;" we have the epic of seventeenth-century theology—the poems of the loss of Paradise by man and its recovery by a greater Man; we have the Puritan drama of God's afflicted champion obtaining victory by obedience unto death; we have the story, ardent, tender, humorous, of the Pilgrims' way-faring from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. And what else in the literature of the period can outweigh these gifts of Puritan passion and Puritan faith?

V.

In the Puritan inwardness of spirit,

* See Mr. Firth's article, "The Court of Cromwell," in the Cornhill Magazine, Sept.

in its vivid realization of the unseen, if only these could find a suitable medium of representation and vehicle of expression, lay important possibilities for literature. If Hellenism served to broaden, Hebraism served to deepen the national consciousness of England. The inward drama of the spiritual life became more tragically earnest; its lyrical cries of hope and fear, of anguish and joy, became more poignant. God and the soul were the chief actors in the drama, but for the Puritan imagination a world of magic lay around the human soul—blessed angels, demons of the pit, special interpositions of Providence, miraculous words of Scripture, preternatural voices echoing in the heart. In the introspective habit which scrutinized and searched the soul for intimations of loss or gain there were grave dangers; it might pass into a diseased fascination; but it might also be a great discipline; it might discover a world of marvellous phenomena hidden from those accustomed only to turn the eye outward on the world of action.

Again, in the doctrine of Puritanism was a body of inspiring ideas, an inspiring conception of the life of man, which humbled and at the same time exalted. He was the creature of a passing moment, yet a spirit moving in a world at present only realized in part and formed for eternity. Already his destiny was sealed, yet—appalling mystery—free and responsible, he became his own doomsman. As this conception was made real and living, human existence—the existence even of the meanest child of earth—grew in dignity, since to it belonged the most awful, the most blessed issues. Our threescore years and ten—an atom in eternity—acquired a grandeur as the moment of a solemn test and trial. Everything that seems to careless eyes

1807; and Mr. St. Loe Strachey's "From Grave to Gay," pp. 152, 153.

trivial and accidental was in truth part of a divine order; but this order included the sudden interventions of the law-maker. Man, mysteriously endowed with free will, was no estray wandering in a realm of chance; rather was he a subject, loyal or disloyal, of a stern and beneficent Ruler. He had his appointed station in a vast warfare, his appointed place in a mighty scheme. Fallen, indeed, he was, bound under sin by the transgression of our first parents, condemned by the law, a defaulter under the covenant of works; but a door of escape, a radiant avenue of hope, had been opened under a covenant of grace. Through disobedience Adam fell: through perfect obedience to the divine will a way of salvation had been wrought out. In these ideas, not all peculiar to Puritanism, but realized by the Puritan temper with peculiar intensity, Milton found the themes for his epic of the Fall and his epic of Redemption. They were no mere part of a theological system; they entered profoundly into life and into literature.

But obedience and loyalty to the divine will does not consist solely in passive submission; they breathe forth or flame forth in an active co-operancy with that will. One who has himself a part of the heavenly order in the world cannot but seek to extend that order into regions not yet reclaimed. And this he may strive to do in either of two ways—by appeals to the individual souls of men, or by action in the social and political sphere. Hence arose a literature of passionate exhortation, the pleadings of the preachers; hence also arose the zeal and energy of public reform, which in literature found expression in such works as the prose writings of Milton. Of the hortatory literature, in which meditation passes naturally into appeal, "The Saints' Rest" is a conspicuous example. It was written, as Baxter himself

tells us, for his own use, in the time of his languishment, when God took him from all public employment. He was ill, and alone in the country, given over by the physicians to death. "I began," he writes, "to contemplate more seriously the everlasting rest, which I apprehended myself to be on the borders of." "To despise earth," he said, "is easy to me, but not so easy to be acquainted and conversant in heaven."⁶ But it was impossible for Baxter to meditate for himself alone; he was nothing if not a preacher, and he preached from what he believed to be his dying solitude. He pleads with men as if tears were in his voice. In the "Epistle to the Reader" prefixed to his "Poetical Fragments" (1681), Baxter justifies passion and sense against the invasion of Rationalism, which already was opening a way for the spirit of the eighteenth century.

I am assured that God made not passion in vain; and that reason is a sleepy, half-useless thing, till some passion excite it. . . . I confess, when God awakeneth in me those passions which I account rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy reason. Lay by all the passionate part of love and joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of Heaven. In short, I am an enemy of their philosophy that villify sense. . . . The Scripture that saith of God that He is life and light, saith also that He is love, and love is complacency, and complacency is joy, and to say God is infinite, essential love and joy is a better notion than, with Cartesians and Occelans, to say that God and angels and spirits are but a thought or an idea. What is Heaven to us if there be no love and joy?

The Epistle from which these words

⁶ These words must have been in Wordsworth's mind when he wrote in "The Excursion," Book IV.: "Tis, by comparison, an easy task Earth to despise; but to converse with heaven—This is not easy."

are quoted is solemnly dated "London, at the Door of Eternity."

For the maintenance of high passion the habit of moral restraint is in the long run more favorable than the habit of moral relaxation. It may take the lifetime of a whole generation to produce the consequences in literature and art of base morals, but no law is more inevitable than that what is sown must in due time be reaped. The worst effect of a corrupt society upon literature is not, perhaps, the deadness of the senses to what is gross and repulsive; this indeed comes gradually and inevitably, but the odor of the sink warns off any passer-by who has breathed clean air. Far more dangerous is the false homage of baseness to a virtue which, in the deadness of true passion, it has lost the very power of conceiving aright; the substitution of factitious, romantic, overstrained heroics for the plain and modest realities of righteous living. It is not the facile licentiousness of the plays of Fletcher that chiefly offends a reader; the lascivious imagination of puberty, it is true, in the lapse of time will necessarily lose its gay colors and youthful vivacity, and will sink into the cynical brutality of Wycherley. But we are more offended by the spurious moral ideality of Fletcher, by his fantastic code of heroism, his extravagant gallantries, his indecent celebration of chastity. And Fletcher's spurious ideality prepared the way for the high-pitched heroics of certain Restoration dramas. The one indicates the decline, the other indicates the death of genuine passion. The Puritan regard for righteousness in its lower forms was injurious to literature and art as inducing a dull didactic tendency. With-er has shown how it is possible to be exceedingly moral and excessively dull during many pages. In its higher forms the passion for righteousness tempers an instrument for breathing

music of the Dorian mode. It was the great Puritan poet who wrote those well-known words, which, if rightly interpreted, convey an ascertained law of art:

I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.

Milton does not mean that great art will be, in the common meaning of the word, didactic art. He means that heroic music can be adequately breathed only through a noble instrument. He means that there is a music which teaches nothing, but by its very tones can "raise to height of noblest temper," can "breathe deliberate valor," can "mitigate and swage with solemn touches troubled thoughts," and that the faculty for producing such music diminishes in proportion to the loss of such noblest temper by the musician himself. In a corrupt society the art of the Dorian and the Phrygian modes is lost, or is heard only from some survivor of a more strenuous age. And when they are lost art recovers itself commonly, not by a great enthusiasm, but by good sense, moderation, and those common decencies which are found to be needful for the very existence of human society.

Among the factors determining the character of a Puritan literature must be reckoned the popular sympathies which informed the movement for ecclesiastical and civil reform. Milton, indeed, its chief representative—although he, like Hooker, would derive all political authority from the consent of the people—was essentially aristocratical in his intellect, and became the

advocate of an oligarchy not of birth but of merit. He honored heroic individuals, a Christ in the wilderness, a Samson in captivity, a Fairfax at the siege, a Cromwell in the council and in the field; he could speak more scornfully than Burke ever spoke of the wayward and variable multitude. But, in a large way, Puritanism was a movement of the people, with not a few leaders from among the aristocracy. For a time its temper was high and courageous, hopeful and even audacious in new experiments. Its religious spirit tended to abolish or to abate social distinctions: all mortal men were alike sinners before God, and, peer or peasant, if true members of the congregation, were equally saints. Its favored ecclesiastical schemes and platforms were of a democratic kind. Its political ideal was not a loose and incoherent democracy. It aimed at vigor in government, and was willing to confer immense powers upon chosen individuals; but its political culmination was a Republic. A literature informed by popular sympathies may lose much that is of high worth; it may, on the other hand, gain some things—a homely strength, a genial warmth, a respect for man as man, a breadth of human interest, humor that is not supercilious, a pity which is not condescending. Some of these qualities are manifest in both Parts, perhaps especially in the Second Part, of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

With these various possibilities for literature, Puritanism still felt the difficulty of mediating, as art should mediate, between the spiritual and the material, the difficulty of finding an imaginative body for theological dogma and the deepest experiences of the soul. It

was partly solved by Milton with the aid of an imagination educated among classical models. The influence of the Renaissance came to aid him in his dealing with the Puritan abstractions. But the solution was not absolutely successful. There is still a portion of theological doctrine in "Paradise Lost" which is not vitalized for the imagination, and remains doctrinaire. It is true that God the Father and His Son discuss the scheme of salvation too much in the manner of school-divines. The Hebraic ideas and the classical garb do not always perfectly correspond each with the other. We cannot assert that Milton entirely succeeded in finding an imaginative vehicle to convey his Puritan conceptions. Bunyan, perhaps, succeeded better; but in allegory the idea has a certain detachment from its body of sense; it dwells within, but it is never indissolubly incorporated. In prose Bunyan could drop more easily than Milton could in his verse from narrative to the exposition of doctrine. The pilgrims in their talk by the way are frankly theological or hortatory as if they were worthy Nonconformists of real life crossing the fields from Elstow to Bedford. Bunyan, as compared with Milton, had no slight artistic advantage in the fact that his starting-point was a personal experience. What he beheld in vision he had known in a cruder form as a fragment of actual life. Perhaps it was also an advantage that, being unlearned in the culture of Greece and Rome, he drew no robe of Hellenism around his Hebraic ideas. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is derived from only one of the two antiquities; it is the prose-epic of English Hebraism.

Edward Dowden.

THE MEAN ENGLISHMAN.

When we think of the typical Englishman, we probably combine together in our minds Lord Kitchener, Mr. Kipling, Mr. C. B. Fry, and (perhaps) Canon Gore. That curious combination represents to us certain tendencies of the nation which are expressed in their highest degree of intensity by these eminent personalities. And indeed in any comparative estimate of races or nations we judge of their civilization by their capacity to produce types of this kind, which, in their turn, influence and create national ideals. But there is another, and perhaps a truer test of the civilization of a nation as a whole, than this selection of eminent exceptions. A nation produces not alone the "Happy Warrior," but also the inmates of the Country Churchyard, and the latter, in mere numbers, predominate to an extent rendering the exceptional individuals an absurdly infinitesimal minority. Yet the two classes are by no means disconnected, as we shall see, and for many reasons it seems desirable to obtain a clearer and more definite conception of the average Englishman, who can never hope to be enshrined in *Who's Who*.

Statisticians make a difference between an "average" and a "mean." The distinction may perhaps be put shortly, that the average is an ideal calculated figure, the mean, a concrete example. Thus, if one took ninety-nine Englishmen, their average height might be (say) 5.647 feet; but if we ranged the ninety-nine in order of height, perhaps not a single one would have that exact height, though probably the fiftieth, or Mean Man (technically known as the Median) would be very near it. Similarly, if we ranged Englishmen generally in various orders of merit, there would be in each case a middle or

Mean Man, who would possess the particular quality in question to a degree approximating, but not necessarily identical with, the average. Now it is conceivable, though scarcely possible, that if we took a certain number of these orders, the middle man in each case would be identical, possessing, in regard to all the qualities that number can measure, that golden mediocrity which poets and philosophers have praised so much—in others. This universal middle man—this Whiteley of economic and social statistics—might conveniently be called the Mean Englishman, and would form a highly useful sociological gauge of the general condition of the nation.

For he, the Mean Englishman, forms a living centre of gravity, towards whose qualities those of the coming generation inevitably tend. Dr. Francis Galton has shown, and Professor Karl Pearson has clinched the proof, that any variation from the qualities of the Mean Englishman tend to get modified in his direction in the new generation. That is the reason why geniuses and giants almost invariably have children nearer the normal than themselves; and that, again, is the reason why, fortunately, dipsomaniacs, consumptives, and degenerates generally, have often a fair contingent of children much nearer the normal physical and moral health of the Mean Englishman than themselves. He is thus practically the norm of any particular stage of civilization.

The Mean Englishman is something more than this. Upon his progress and development depends that of the nation. No amount of "top dressing" will avail, if his condition is not improved. Dr. Galton has given reasons for supposing that the Mean Athenian was,

intellectually at least, two stages higher than the Mean Englishman, and it was because of this that his little State produced such a galaxy of genius. No State arrangements can be adapted merely for the superior classes, except in so far as they affect preferentially the status of the Mean Man. He is at once the condition, the object, and the test of civilization.

Under these circumstances, it would be desirable to get a concrete idea of the kind of middle man English civilization is producing at the present moment—midday of the year 1890. There are certain statistical difficulties in the way of determining his qualities; while for many purposes these are identical with the average, for others (especially those which can be only expressed by integral numbers) only an approximation can be reached. A man, for example, cannot have 2.347 children; he must either have two or three. But even in such a case there are means of ascertaining the relative probabilities of his having either two or three, and his figures in this regard may be "smoothed," as statisticians say, on tolerably definite principles. An attempt has been made in the following pages to sum up all those qualities of the Mean Englishman which can be conveniently put in a quantitative form. The result, as the reader will soon observe, is not of an altogether attractive quality; the Mean Englishman is a statistical exposition of Matthew Arnold's "*Thomme moyen sensuel*." But good, bad, or indifferent, he is the type of the men whom English civilization is turning out at the present moment. Let us attempt his biography.

Before, however, doing so, it may be desirable to discuss shortly some of the difficulties in determining our Mean Man. Where we can arrange the nation in a statistical row, in which the centre includes the largest number of

individuals, as we can do in the case of most anthropometrical data like height and weight, there is no difficulty; but where the most numerous class is not necessarily central, but towards the end of a series, it is a question which class we shall accept as our representative one. Take a concrete example:—Where shall our Mean Englishman live? If we divide all Englishmen according as they dwell in towns of 1,000, 2,000, 10,000, 20,000 inhabitants, and so on up to a million, the largest class (forming what the Newer Statistics would call the Modal Englishman) will consist of Londoners at the top of the scale; yet it is very doubtful whether the average Londoner represents all Englishmen, including those who live in villages of under 1,000 inhabitants. If we arrange all Englishmen according to the size of the towns in which they dwell, half of them will dwell in cities of above 30,000 inhabitants, and half in towns of less size; in other words, our Mean Englishman is not a Londoner, but dwells in a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, i.e., of about the size of Cambridge. Here comes in a further difficulty:—Which of these towns should we select? It seems natural to fix upon a town somewhere in the centre of England, but here another difficulty meets us:—Where is the centre of England? Physically, this has never been definitely determined, though near Leamington there is an oak which is claimed by the local pundits to be the "Heart of England."¹ They are not so far wrong, for by a rough induction, crediting the centre of each county with the number of square miles it contains, I have found that the centre of gravity of the forty English counties is somewhere in the neighborhood of Warwick. But it does not follow

¹ I am informed by the authorities of the Ordnance Survey that they have made no attempt to determine this rather interesting point.

that the physical centre corresponds at all with the centre of population, which naturally varies with the growth of the various industrial districts. It was once upon a time in the south-east; it is now, according to my calculation, in the north-west Midlands, probably in the neighborhood of Hinckley, or perhaps somewhat more northward. We should, therefore, look out for a town somewhere in the county of Leicestershire, containing 30,000 inhabitants, and we find this in Loughborough, which included 30,931 at the last census.

Similarly, with regard to occupation. Our Mean Englishman need not necessarily earn his living at the "modal" occupation most popular among his countrymen, which would probably be bootmaking. There need be no doubt, however, as to the social class to which the Mean Englishman belongs. If we arrange the whole of the English heads of families roughly according to their incomes, it becomes certain that the "fiftieth percentile" (to use Dr. Galton's expressive term) would fall within the artisan class. As to which particular division of this class he would belong, we have the further criterion of the "median" wage. This has been definitely determined, at any rate for 1887, at 24s. 9d., and from the fifth Report of the Wages Commission (ii. 464), it is clear that this is rather above than below the present state of affairs. It is perhaps worth while remarking that this represents the net earnings, allowing for an average of something like seven and a half weeks out of work—one from sickness, five from want of employment, one and a half in holidays. The nominal wages would probably range at about 30s.—considerably above Mr. Charles Booth's "poverty line," which for towns he fixes at 21s. This is the determining factor in the whole problem, since the occupation of the Mean Englishman, and even his

height and other anthropometrical data, depend upon it. Of course the average weekly income of the head of an English family is higher than this, indeed, very appreciably higher; but there are as many families in England having incomes below 24s. 9d. as there are above, and thus this weekly income answers to our definition.²

Again, the Mean Englishman would not be named by the most popular surname, which is certainly Smith. Many years ago Dr. Farr determined the most popular surnames of the English population, at least for the upper eighteen per cent., who included only about fifty-two surnames among them. Unfortunately the Statistical Department of the Registrar-General have not continued the inquiry, and we are, therefore, unable to say definitely what the most probable surname of the Median Englishman would be. We know it would be something midway in popularity between Smith and (say) Quillex. Thus, in either case, we have to attribute to him "a local habitation and a name" more median than the most popular. Finally, it would be obviously misleading to take all English persons from the age of 0 upwards, and we must, therefore, confine our inquiries to a normal householder above the age of fifteen; our hero is literally the Mean Englishman.

I mention these points so as to indicate some of the difficulties of the inquiry, and the expedients by which they can be overcome. It must be understood that the results reached in this investigation are only first approximations, and differ at times in the method by which they are approached. I will only say, that in each case every effort has been made to get the most recent and most probable mean result. It has obviously been impossible to

² The 320,000 families possessing over 150 pounds per annum are counterbalanced by the million persons in receipt of relief.

give the authorities for every statement made here, which sometimes include even German and American works; only a few of the more important sources have been referred to. And with this apology I return to our ideal biography of the Mean Englishman.³

William Sprogett was born at Loughborough on January 12, 1864. His father was born in the same town, but his mother migrated thither from the country. He was married on August 20, 1892, at the age of 28.6 years, to Jane Davies (of Celtic descent), born also at Loughborough, January 18, 1866, and therefore 26.6 years old. Her father had come thither from the Welsh borders. They were married in church, which Sprogett then visited for the first time since his boyhood. In the seven years since that critical period they have had five children—three boys and two girls. One of the boys has died in the interim, and I regret to have to prophesy that the girl that is still to come will die before she attains five years of age. Sprogett left school in 1875, when he was eleven years of age and in the fourth standard, and his wife in 1878, when twelve, and in the fifth standard. Only his eldest boy is at present at school. He is a bright lad, quite up to the average, but the other boy, I regret to say, will show signs of nerve trouble when he comes to school age.⁴

Our hero is 5ft. 7in. in height, and 150lbs. in weight. He can pull 70lbs. when in the attitude of drawing the long bow, and his chest girth is no less

than 36 inches.⁵ Jane, his wife, is naturally inferior to him in all these categories, being only 62in. in height, 120lbs. in weight, and can pull only 40lbs. Both are of the same physical type, known to anthropologists as the "C." or "Anglo-Saxon" type, with vertical, rounded forehead, smooth eyebrow ridges, wide, full cheeks, short, bulbed nose; their lips are well-formed, chin heavy and rounded, their ears oval, with full lobes, and their jaw is heavy and wide; their skull rather long than broad; their eyes are blue and prominent; their hair light and limp. Notwithstanding their meagre diet (of which we shall hear anon), their habit is stout and well-covered. On the whole they are tolerably healthy. William has only had eight days of sickness in the last year, and will live on till the age of 68, when he will die on March 15th, 1932, of a disease connected with the nervous system. Jane will survive him nearly three years, and die of bronchitis. Perhaps it is as well that they should leave the world before reaching the normal three-score years and ten, as otherwise there is little hope of either of them escaping the workhouse.

Sprogett is in a hosiery manufactory, and began work, as we have seen, at his trade at 11 years old. He is (as we have also seen) at present earning 24s. 9d. a week,⁶ to which high eminence he has reached after having commenced at 6d. a day. It must be repeated that his nominal wages per week are considerably higher than this, which may account for the fact that Mrs. Sprogett never precisely

³ I have to thank Professors Edgeworth and Foxwell and Dr. Francis Galton for kind help in determining some of the results mentioned in the following investigation, though I need scarcely add that they are in no way responsible for them. The officials of the Royal Statistical Society and of the London School of Economics have been kind enough to place at my disposal the resources of their libraries.

⁴ "Report of the Scientific Study of the Men-

tal and Physical Conditions of Childhood, based on the examination of 100,000 children." London, 1895.

⁵ "Final Report of the Anthropometric Committee, British Association, Southport Meeting, 1884," p. 256.

⁶ "Parliamentary Paper C. 6,889." General Report on Wages of Manual Laboring Classes in the United Kingdom, 1893.

knows what her "man" really earns. Her housekeeping money would probably be 15s. He works 54 hours a week, and notwithstanding the claims of his family, he has managed to save no less than £21 (average), which is securely placed in the Post Office Savings Bank.

It would be of extreme interest to determine in what manner Sprogett spends his wages from week to week. In the weekly budget is contained the "true pathos and sublime" of the average Englishman's life. Unfortunately, the materials at the disposition of the statistician for this purpose are unusually meagre. They consist of the details of 34 "Returns of Expenditure by Workingmen," issued as a Parliamentary Paper in 1889,⁷ and of 28 "Family Budgets" collected by the Economic Club, and published in 1896. I have been able to check these by an elaborate collection of no less than 164 budgets, collected from English workers in iron and steel, contained in the "Sixth Annual Report of the United States Bureau of Labor." I have, however, only been able to use these last to check the other results, as they apply to a class considerably superior in wage and social standing. Scanty as are the materials thus afforded by the budgets of these 218 families, the indications they give are remarkably uniform. The average income dealt with in the first two sets of budgets is only slightly in excess of that with which we have endowed our Mean Englishman, and by a little "smoothing down" of the figures it is possible to make a very probable guess at Sprogett's weekly expenditure, which would work out somewhat in the following fashion:—

⁷ "Parliamentary Paper C. 5,861, 1889." It is extremely to be regretted that the Board of Trade has not continued to issue sequels to this most valuable series of returns, the most light-giving that can be imagined on the Condition-of-England question.

1. Food and Drink.

	£.	s.	d.
Bread	0	2	2
Flour and Biscuits	0	0	6½
Oatmeal and Rice	0	0	1½
Butter	0	1	2
Lard, Dripping, Suet	0	0	2¼
Meat	0	3	0
Bacon	0	0	10¼
Fish	0	0	5½
Milk	0	0	9¼
Eggs	0	0	4½
Cheese	0	0	4
Potatoes	0	0	6½
Other Vegetables	0	0	1½
Fresh Fruit	0	0	2¾
Dried Fruit	0	0	1½
Sugar	0	0	7½
Jam, Treacle, &c	0	0	2¾
Condiments	0	0	1
Tea	0	0	7¼
Coffee, Cocoa, and Non-alcoholic Drinks	0	0	2¾
Alcoholic Drinks	0	0	10¼
Meals out	0	0	0
	0	13	7¼

II.—Expenses other than Food.

	£.	s.	d.
Rent	0	3	6
Rates and Taxes	0	0	4½
Fuel	0	1	1
Oil, Candles, Matches	0	0	4¼
Furniture and House Utensils	0	0	4½
Washing and Cleaning Materials	0	0	4½
Clothes	0	2	6
Boots	0	0	9
Recreation	0	0	4½
Papers and Books	0	0	1½
Travelling	0	0	0
Religious Observances	0	0	0
Education	0	0	0
Charity and Gifts	0	0	0
Pocket Money	0	0	0
Pet Animals	0	0	0
Insurance (Trade, Friendly, Burial Society)	0	0	8
Tobacco	0	0	3½
Medicine and Drugs	0	0	4
Expenses of Industry	0	0	0
Loans	0	0	0
Repayment of Loans	0	0	0

	0	11	1¼
Food, <i>ut supra</i>	0	13	7¼

Total	£1	4	9
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Some of these items, it will be observed, have no expenditure attached to them. The headings, however, are inserted, since in incomes of larger growth they constitute a proportion of the expenses which can by no means be neglected. That Sprogett cannot afford to spend anything in travelling, meals out, religious observance, charity, or gifts, pocket money, pet animals, or loans has a very marked moral significance. It does not, of course, follow that though these items do not exist in his normal weekly expenditure he never contributes to charity, or lends a chum a shilling or so; but these altruistic tendencies have to be developed at the cost of stinting himself or his children of articles of food. These, it will be observed, are sufficiently varied in quality, though not superabundant in quantity. The amount of animal food is decidedly large, and has been held to give him his relative superiority above Oriental and even Continental workers. It must, however, be remembered that England is a northern climate, and the extra amount of meat and fatty foods is needed for warmth; the relatively large amount of butter is due to this cause, as well as to the fact that three of the children practically live on bread and butter. England again is one of the "butter and beer" countries, as contrasted with "oil and wine" countries like France or Italy. As regards beer, I should state that I have somewhat exceeded, in my estimate, the amount indicated in my authorities, because (1) the budgets are provided by exceptionally temperate men, and (2) this is an item which even they would tend to minimize.* Bread has lost its proud pre-eminence in determining the social welfare of a working-man's family, and it would be idle for the statistician

to correlate wages, rate of marriage, and the like, with the price of wheat, as was customary in the early part of the century. It is to be observed that, with regard to food at least, the unit of exchange is the farthing, and in towns the "farthing shop" is a recognized feature in the life of William Sprogett and his peers. With regard to expenditure other than for food, perhaps the most striking item is that which confirms the general impression as to the importance of boots in the expenditure of the poor.

The item referring to insurance leads us to enquire whether Sprogett has joined a Trade Union, and here we have to make a somewhat subtle distinction. Sprogett, as an actual individual living in Leicestershire, one of the centres of Trades Unionism, and connected with the hosiery manufacture, would in all probability belong to the local Trade Union. As such, he would be entitled to considerable benefits: in the case of strike, he would get as much, very often, as 12s. to 14s. a week, or in the event of being out of work, owing to the presence of infectious disease in his house, he would obtain the same wage. If sick, he would have an allowance of an average of 8s. a week, running often for nearly a year; while if superannuated he would still receive a small superannuation allowance of about 3s. a week. If his wife died, he would have £3 extra to expend on her funeral, and even if he came upon the Union for the funeral of a second wife £2 would be granted for that purpose. These sums by no means represent the amount which would be expended by him on a funeral, which constitutes the largest individual expenditure ever incurred by the average Englishman. But Sprogett, as representing the ordinary Eng-

* Mr. A. L. Bowley and Mr. Henry Higgs, who have both paid special attention to the subject of Workmen's Budgets, and have been good

enough to give me valuable criticism, agree with me, in the main, on this point.

lishman, would not be a Trade Unionist at all. In other words, it would be more than even betting that he would not belong to a Union. Consequently the benefits he would receive would be from a Benefit Society, which as a rule does not grant so many privileges as those mentioned above from the Union.

Sprogett lives in a house of four rooms, two of which are at present used as bedrooms, one as a kitchen, and one as a living-room. It is, however, the ambition of Mrs. Sprogett to have one day a parlor, decorated with wax fruit, seaweed, crochet antimacassars, and plates from Christmas numbers, even though it will only be used a dozen times a year. It would be interesting to know how many cubic feet the living-rooms contain, but unfortunately no means exist of determining this rather important point. It would be even more desirable to obtain a list of the furniture of the house and the dress of the family, but it would be easier to do this for an English family of the fourteenth than of the nineteenth century. At present neither Mrs. Sprogett nor the little ones are able to add to William's very scanty income, but things will improve in that respect, and before five or six years are over some of the children may be earning slight contributions, while Mrs. Sprogett, when the children no longer take up all the time, can contribute by taking in washing, going out charring, or perhaps entertaining one of her aged relatives, who has some small annuity to contribute to the family store.

Scanty as is the portion of the world's goods which William Sprogett possesses, his value to the nation is by no means adequately represented by the pecuniary reward he obtains from it. Many years ago Dr. Farr reckoned that the present discounted value to the nation of an agricultural laborer of thirty-five—reckoning what

he earned throughout his working-life, and subtracting what he cost his parents during the time of his education, and his children or the State when he could no longer work—was about £228. No similar estimate has been made of recent years, but Mons. Block, on a somewhat different method, makes out that the average Englishman contributes above his keep some £16 per annum to the national accumulation, making all allowance for keep in youth and age, and we may, therefore, take the capitalized value of William Sprogett to be about £400.

Besides his indirect value to the nation, Sprogett naturally contributes his share to the national expenditure. It is somewhat difficult to estimate this. The average of the 7,000,000 households in the United Kingdom (which contribute about £118,000,000) would work out at over £16 as Sprogett's share. From the above budget, if one estimates the contribution to the Excise made by our hero, it becomes exceedingly doubtful whether he can be so valuable to the National Exchequer. Rates, tea, tobacco, and beer would only contribute something like 50s. It is scarcely worth reckoning in his contribution to the income of the Post Office, since he only sends, on an average, 55 letters, 10 post-cards, and 23 newspapers per annum. Of any idea of a contribution to the national welfare by personal service Sprogett is entirely innocent. He has no thought of joining the Volunteers; it is true he took the trouble to record his vote as citizen at the last General Election, because it was the first at which he was entitled to vote, but I fear he will not do so on the next occasion. Still less does he interfere with the decision of his neighbors as to who shall constitute the School Board or County Council of his district.

As an intellectual and artistic being, Sprogett does not lend himself much

to statistical enquiries. He does not take in any daily paper, unless occasionally a sporting paper or so, to ascertain the latest betting, or the results of his speculations with the local book-maker. It is needless to add that Sprogett does not buy books. A Bible and Prayer-book (both belonging to Mrs. Sprogett), and a few odd numbers of Virtue's "Shakespeare" and Cassell's "Popular Educator," bought in the enthusiasm of his youth, represent his sole intellectual ballast. Any intellectual curiosity that he may possess is adequately satisfied by the occasional purchase of one of the many "snippet" weeklies. He emphatically does not attend the local museum, or public library; but he does occasionally go, by himself or with his family, for excursions, mainly with crowds of his fellowworkers, on beanfeast days or other local holidays, which altogether amount to nine days per annum. His chief recreation, apart from attendance at the "pub." where his Benefit Society meets to receive weekly payments, consists in occasional visits to a cricket-field or football ground, with a look-in now and then at the local music-hall or "sing-song." He does not sing or play—except "All Fours" or "Nap"—but he does bet, and his average losings form no inconsiderable proportion of the small sum he is able to devote to "recreation." Sprogett does not travel much—only thirty miles a year by railway (average, not median). He has an American clock on his mantelpiece, an Austrian bentwood chair in his sitting-room; his children are nourished on Swiss milk; the meat he eats is mainly from New Zealand, the eggs from Normandy, the butter from Denmark. His clothes are made by Russian Jews domiciled in England. The few toys his children use are made in Germany.

As to his personal habits, it is difficult to generalize. The amount expend-

ed on washing materials is applied to the clothes and linen by Mrs. Sprogett, who, however, tubs her children at least once a week, on Saturday night. Sprogett himself, if he is not maligned, does not see the necessity of this, and there is certainly no such thing as a bath capable of holding him in his house, while the use of public baths is not so extended as to include the Mean Englishman. The tradition in the North is that he reserves himself for grand occasions when he visits the seaside. Washing materials, again, do not include the use of starch. Sprogett does not wear a collar, except occasionally a paper one in high days and holidays; the neckerchief is the mark of all his tribe. He does not use toothbrush or handkerchief (except the latter for carrying his midday meal), but he generally gets shaved Saturday night.

Such, so far as can be ascertained from the somewhat scanty and scattered materials at our disposal, is the normal life of the Mean Englishman. Unattractive as is the picture when this bare outline shows, it must not hastily be assumed that he represents a low level of civilization. We cannot determine this till we have obtained similar details for the Mean Frenchman, the Mean German, the Mean American, and the Mean Russian, and have reduced them all (if that be possible) to some common measure. Indeed, there is a further process still to be gone through in regard to the inhabitants of these isles, and we have yet to compare our Mean Englishman with the Mean Irishman, Scotchman, and Welshman. The key of the whole enquiry is, of course, to be found in the living wage, determining the standard of comfort, and in the consequent weekly budget, and until we have fuller material in regard to that information it is impossible at present to make this comparison for the British Isles.

Abroad the need of ascertaining the normal mode of consumption by family budgets has been worked out much more completely, and forms the basis of Le Play's social system. But even the present rough enquiry may indicate what a valuable economic conception is contained in the Mean Englishman. The essence of economics is to obtain a quantitative measure of man's productive (and "consumptive") activity, and this is best afforded by some such conception as has here been sketched all too roughly.

The Fortnightly Review.

Meanwhile it may be worth while keeping the Mean Englishman in view when we are indulging in visions of his wide spread throughout the habitable globe. It is he that has to bear the White Man's burden in the long run. It is up to his standard that we are aiming to raise the duskier nations. When we talk of the British Empire and its spread, it is well occasionally to give a thought to—William Sprogett.

Joseph Jacobs.

THE CHILD'S HEART.

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a flower,
Has a smile for the sun
And a tear for the shower:
Oh, innocent hours
With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like a flower's
In the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a bird,
With raptures of music
Is flooded and stirred;
Oh, songs without words,
Oh, melodies wild—
Oh, heart like a bird's
In the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of the Spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what Summer shall bring:
Oh, glory of things
In a world undefiled—
Oh, heart like the Spring's
In the heart of a child!

The Speaker.

Arthur Austin-Jackson.

THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

(Conclusion.)

X.

For days and nights the dreaded sword of typhus hung suspended above the head of Elvira,—that greedy blade still dripping with the blood of youth. But at last the fever was vanquished, and if it did not return on the twenty-third night the patient might be considered out of danger.

"She will recover," Anna constantly affirmed, with eyes unnaturally bright above her hollow cheeks; for she, too, was almost in a fever from the effects of the long nervous tension. "I am certain," she would say almost fiercely, as though she were repelling an accusation, "that she will recover." And then she would go over all Elvira's infantile diseases:—

Had she not lived through diphtheria and a terrible attack of scarlatina, and had she not fallen the whole length of the stairs when first beginning to walk, and sustained no injury whatever?

Flavio expressed no opinion, but he suffered in silence the most agonizing anxiety; and his long watches did but knit his soul the closer to the soul of the old house,—once more a house of sorrow. To these ties of early affection which bound him to his life-long abode, another had been added. He had no conscious existence now beyond the range of Anna's eye and the sweet, yet distressful, neighborhood of Elvira's couch.

The fact that the young girl's illness dated from the very day when she had been so deeply moved by his artistic triumph seemed to blend with the involuntary seductiveness of her person and invest with an almost sacred

character the natural attraction of the senses. To him Elvira was now the being destined from all eternity to unite his destiny with that of the Lambert; and, as he bent above her bed and followed with tremulous intentness the phases of her malady, there was a certain assurance in his attitude which already suggested the idea of possession.

On this night, after the doctor had pronounced his verdict, Flavio lingered longer than usual before taking leave. Only a few hours more of excruciating suspense; but these hours he would have to pass above in his chamber on the upper floor, where he had already made so many anxious vigils. "What if I were to stay here with you?" he had ventured to suggest to Anna. But before she could reply he comprehended how imperatively necessary it was that she should get a few hours rest.

After he was gone, Anna lingered for a few moments in the sick chamber, to make her final arrangements with the nursing sister. Elvira was tranquilly asleep; her long hair loose upon the pillow, her arms lying outside the coverlet, with the lace-bordered sleeves of her thin night-dress turned back above her elbows. The round firm arm from which Elvira had pulled off the glove on that memorable day, as though defiantly challenging the light to which she bared it, was pitifully wasted now, and moist with perspiration; and as Anna compared it, in thought, with her own, the old repulsion seized her unaware, and the breath of that favorite hellotrope scent which lingered in all Elvira's garments, mingling with the effluvia from the bottles ranged upon a small table at the bed-

side, rendered the atmosphere of the closed room strangely sickening.

"God is good," said the sister of charity. "See how peacefully she sleeps!"

Methodically and with habitual composure, the sister selected one from among the phials on the stand, poured a few drops of its contents into a glass, and then set the phial aside upon a bracket, murmuring: "It is better to keep it here. Mistakes are so easily made."

Anna went to examine the bottle which the sister had conscientiously separated from the rest, and perceived that it bore a label with a death's-head on it. "It is a sedative," she thought, replacing the phial with instinctive shrinking, and tip-toed softly away.

It was now one o'clock. If she could only sleep for four hours—the four hours which lay between her and dawn! But it was very difficult for her to sleep in these days. She undressed, however, and lay down; and the touch of the fresh bed-linen combined with the relief of unloosing her garments to induce a gentle torpor which relaxed the tension of her nerves and soothed her feverish fancy into kindly oblivion. Yet the flame of thought was not wholly extinct, and, through the mist of dreams, a fixed idea kept hammering away at her brain, until it assumed the form of a nightmare. She felt the pressure of two invisible hands upon her chest, and a sneering laugh rang out of the darkness, a toneless, bodiless laugh like that of a spectre. Finally a distinct dream took shape in her brain. She thought she had put the phial of poison not upon the bracket, but back on the table among the rest, and the sister had given it by mistake to Elvira. There was an inquest, and she knew that the mistake had been her own. "Are you sure that it was a mistake?" they asked her, and a vision of the

Court of Assizes passed before her, with the judges all seated in a row. It seemed as though her heart would burst under the pressure of those invisible hands, and a jeering voice exclaimed, "Poisoner!" Then she saw the same word written on the darkness in letters of fire, which burned nearer and nearer until the word resolved itself into a face, which bore a terrible resemblance to Elvira's.

With a sharp cry she started up, her pupils dilated, the sweat dripping from her temples. Gradually it came to her that she was in her own room, and she gazed vacantly at the pictured walls, the window, the wash-hand-stand. She stretched out her arms, and her fingers were caught in the meshes of the lace bed-cover; and so, little by little, the nightmare and the phantom disappeared. She recovered her own consciousness; she was free, safe, innocent.

She sank back relieved and exhausted, but sleep would not return. A tormenting anxiety remained with her, and as she turned from side to side she kept asking herself, "Did I really put the phial upon the bracket?" She made a strenuous effort to recall her own actions with exactitude, and thought she could remember the cool feeling of the wooden shelf under her hand and knew the idea had occurred to her that when Elvira was well she would replace the bracket by a gayer and more elegant one, of Florentine falence.

But after she had lingered for a little upon this pleasant thought, imagining the walks they would soon be taking together and the visits they would pay, she perceived that agreeable fancies are as exciting and as little conducive to sleep as painful ones. And suddenly the old doubt seized her again with irresistible force, "Can I have made a mistake, after all?"

It was the persistent notion of Elvira's death, ever present in her mind

and seeming at times to be something necessary and inevitable, which distressed her most deeply, until her very doubt assumed the aspect of a monstrous temptation.

Slumber was plainly out of the question. She rose, threw on a thin wrapper, lighted a candle which she left in her own room and stole into the chamber where Elvira lay, and where a single shaded lamp was burning. Her little feet awoke no echo as they fell; the quiet passage of her slim person displaced not a particle of air. She was close by the bedside before the sister lifted her eyes from her rosary and murmured softly:

"Still asleep."

Anna's fingers hovered above her sister's brow, and the nun added, alluding to the fever:

"It is quite gone. God is good." Anna looked toward the bracket, saw the phial of poison, and drew a long respiration. The sister's eyes were bent once more upon her beads.

"I am innocent," the girl repeated to herself; then suddenly recalled a remark of the physician to the effect that in typhus one can never be quite secure before complete recovery. What if the delirium should return even now? The sister seemed very sleepy. One heard so often of patients in delirium evading their watchers. The nurse might fall sound asleep and Elvira herself get possession of the bottle, standing there in plain sight at the foot of her bed.

Her pulses gave a throb. "And I should not be to blame," she thought. "No one would be to blame."

She took a few steps toward the door, wavered, and came back. Would it not be better to take the phial quite away out of the room? . . . Oh, but this was becoming intolerable! She collected herself by a violent effort, went out, and firmly traversed the entire apartment, which was open from

end to end in the silence of the August night.

How hot it was, and how full of mystery! The silver moonlight poured in through the wide-flung windows, illuminating the long suite of rooms, whose vaulted ceilings looked extraordinarily high, while the flowery borders of the large doorways with their gilded scrolls faintly gleaming were fairly imposing in their stately elegance.

In the corridor which ran the entire length of the apartment, dividing it into two halves, the light was more uncertain. Anna glanced into it with a strange feeling that it was not empty. The light footsteps appeared to linger there of grandmothers and great-grandmothers of her own who had gone up and down that passage intent upon their household cares. A sense of perennial vigilance, of peaceful honorable activity, pervaded the whole place, even to the row of huge nut-wood wardrobes ranged against the wall. There were short baby footsteps also, telling the tale of daring little runs backward and forward, accompanied by laughter and shrill cries, and all the sweet merriment of the happy age which does not know. And yonder was the servants' hall, and here the habitual sitting-room of the family.

The closed grand piano made a spot of blackness, with dark reflections here and there from its polished mahogany. Grouped around were the well-known arm-chairs, the convenient little tables, the faintly suggested hues of China ornaments, the mirror-surfaces breaking the darkness of the walls at intervals like sheets of still water, where the reflected furniture took on strange, new aspects, like those wraiths of the departed, which emerge while the living sleep, irresistibly drawn to the scene of their old loves and hates.

No visible ghosts of terrifying presence, these; no bogies such as haunt

the imaginations of children; only traces clinging to material things, burned into them as it were, unseen and yet indelible; glances exchanged, hand-pressures, embraces, eternally and inexorably linked to the atoms which survive even memory.

On the threshold of her father's room Anna paused. The moonlight flooded the spot where Gentile Lamberti used to stand, with so dazzling, so palpitating a radiance that she gazed upon it as if under a spell.

"Dear soul," she whispered in hushed and reverent accents, and advanced with the cautious pace of one who fears to intrude upon some sacred mystery. Midnight was at its deepest; the silence profound; the breath of life was barely audible afar. "Dear father," Anna said again, moving with swelling heart and parted lips toward that patch of whitest moonlight, as though it could hear her, "I submit;" and she sank down before her father's desk, resting her elbows on it and burying her head in her hands.

The moonlight seemed to welcome and softly to enfold her whole person, bathing the fair sorrowful face and the weary limbs in their white drapery as with a living caress.

Presently Anna began softly to weep, for it seemed to her as though she felt once more the actual touch of her father's thin, burning hand, as though his kind eyes were bent upon her, and she heard his deep voice uttering grave, compassionate words.

She knew at last, in this hour of utter abandonment, what she had so long failed to understand, the name of her sharp ailment, the cause of all her suffering. She loved Flavio. The thought made her flush even to the forehead, and slowly lifting her head she saw, where the moonlight fell upon the opposite wall, the mute face and down-cast eyes of her mother. Oh, the sad, humble, beseeching attitude, unheeded

through years of oblivion; the attitude as of a soul repressed and cowed with none to counsel or support in its hour of terrible struggle! Oh, those eyes of her mother, which had fallen before her own! . . . "Mother, forgive me!"

Anna was on her knees before the portrait now, weeping as though her heart would break. All was dissolving within her, pride, scorn, antipathy; slowly dissolving, with bleeding and with pain indeed, and the severance of what could never more form a part of her living self, yet with the cleansing, healing rush of a purifying flood.

To think that she had never loved her mother! that the secret had so entirely escaped her of that sad life so like her own, with its obscure conflicts, its unguessed pangs, the sacrifices which she had never understood, but which ought, at least, to have commanded her respect. And then—what she must have suffered in her last years! the secret lingering agony of abandonment; remorse added to the consciousness of failing strength and fading beauty! And she had lain in her grave for twenty years, yet Anna had but to close her eyes and she could see her still, as she used to move about the house; a slender, shadowy figure, a colorless countenance, a smile without a ray of brightness, and those eyes, oh, those eyes, that no one ever met! Poor mother! The walls knew; the whole house knew. Oh, yes; and Anna sprang suddenly to her feet—the old house knew all her story!

A shiver passed over Anna's frame as a new thought occurred to her. Perhaps her father, too, had known! The notion gave her exquisite pain, and she longed as never before for some one whom she might question, who would tell her the truth. But the very silence appeared to give answer,—that solemn silence of lifeless things, which is more conclusive than any speech.

It was the sacred silence of her father and her mother which lingered in those walls and pervaded all those objects, which abode in the mirrors that had reflected every change of their features, and in those portraits which, though perpetuating outline and expression, still held their peace. . . .

And outside the house, beyond the garden, in the vast, vague mass of the great city, slumbering in the moonlight, other tragedies innumerable were being enacted in the same silence; for such is the mysterious law of life.

As one spent with conflict, Anna relinquished her struggle. All the counsels of high courage and magnanimity which Gentile Lamberti had given his favorite child, returned to her memory, in that hour, with the clearness and authority of a supernatural monition. She was the daughter of those two, and must continue their work. She could not refuse because she shrank from it. When had her father talked to her of gratified wishes and complete content? Had not all his discourse turned rather upon a lofty independence of what the vulgar call happiness? Was she not herself profoundly convinced of the truth of his doctrine? Had it not seemed to her the noblest of all, before her own passions were involved, that is to say, when there was no merit in her profession of it? Was the unbroken tradition of the Lamberti to be shattered in her hands? Was she to be the one to betray them? Because an impure element had mingled with the clear stream of her lineage, was she to succumb and become vulgar and attainted in her turn? That would indeed be surrendering to the enemy! She had been ruled by love and pride; but what conquest more worthy of the latter, what sacrifice of the former, than to rise above all personal resentment, for the sake of her house, her name, and the great memory of Gentile Lamberti? Was not

this what was required of her, Anna, by the ancient walls, the shades of her kindred, by her father and her mother? Nay, more; when she had taken it upon her to open that letter addressed to her mother, had she not accepted all the consequences of her act, whatever these might be? She had risen above conventions then. She must now rise above the event. What would it profit her to have been strong among the weak, and generous among the base, if she was to succumb to the same obstacles as they? if she had measured herself with them in the battle of life, only to sink, in the end, to their level?

Once more Anna gazed into the teeming darkness, but this time she gazed wide-eyed, in defiance rather than fear, as though she herself would summon from among the familiar shades the shape of the Unknown. She held her head high in the moonlight with a consciousness of power. She felt beating in her own bosom the living heart of Gentile Lamberti.

A sense of infinite sweetness came over her, like the soft embrace of spirit arms. Was it the memory of some caress of her mother? Surely only a mother's kiss could be so tender! Tears of healing sprang to her eyes; hot under the lids at first, but falling cool upon her cheeks. She had a peculiar sense of freshness, and glancing toward the terrace became aware that the moon had set, while on the utmost rim of heaven there gleamed a line of dawn.

The same instant she heard her name pronounced by Flavio.

"She is safe," Anna said almost before she saw him.

The young man joined her upon the terrace, pale from a sleepless night, and paler yet from excitement.

"She has slept without waking," Anna went on. "The fever has not returned; she is quite safe."

A flush of joy overspread Flavio's face, and Anna thought, "How he loves her! But what if he knew?"

She sank upon the parapet of the terrace with a sense of overpowering fatigue. Flavio regarded her anxiously, struck by the signs of suffering visible in her whole person; a suffering which appealed with peculiar force to him, some traces of which he had observed a long while since, but which now seemed singularly aggravated.

"You are ill," he said with gentle concern, almost kneeling beside her as he had been used to do when a boy.

Anna shook her head quietly, but did not speak. She was looking far beyond the gardens at the broadening rose-light in the east.

"Have you slept at all?"

The negative sign was repeated.

"Oh," he cried, "how everything draws us together: sorrow as well as joy! I thought of you as I lay wakeful, and you were wakeful, too."

She gave him a searching look and read the whole truth in his eyes. He had loved her first; he loved her soul even now. It was herself whom he loved in Elvira.

Misinterpreting her prolonged silence, Flavio asked anxiously, "Do you not believe me?"

"Oh, Flavio!"

The superlative sweetness of her accent as she pronounced his name emboldened the youth to go on:

"I think," he said, "that you must care for me a little: your affection brightened all my sorry youth. It was and is the religion of my young manhood. I do not know what I should have been without you, but I do know that now I could not live away from you."

She heard him with a strange mixture of joy and pain. He had said such things to her before, but repeated thus at the mystic hour of daybreak, they two, being alone together, perhaps for

the last time, in the solemn hush of the sleeping house, his words carried with them a delicious anguish that penetrated every fibre of her being. They stood for some time silent, while in the gardens all about them life was gradually waking with a quiver of leaves to the early breeze, a twittering in countless nests, a rustle in all the shrubbery, a change in the sky from the pallid light of dawn to intense and flaming color.

"I have something to tell you," said Flavio; and Anna answered hurriedly, "I know what it is."

Flavio did not seem surprised. There was so intimate a sympathy between them that words appeared almost superfluous. With an artless return to the habit of his early childhood, he leaned his forehead against Anna's knee where she sat, and murmured: "We shall always be near each other."

Anna lifted his head very gently, and half rose from the parapet as though intent on the splendid spectacle of the sunrise. All was now aflame: roofs, trees, window-panes, the white walls of the convent, the metallic tips of the lightning-rods. Bells began to ring far and near, and a few windows were thrown open. Even the tiny terrace of the cynical old lodger received a few bright rays. Ah, how divine a thing is life! To breathe, to move, to wonder and adore, to give oneself for others, to open the heart wide and passionately embrace the invisible force that draws us upward!

By one of those mysterious intuitions to which the very sensitive are subject, Flavio caught the contagion of his friend's exalted mood. The word "love" did not occur to him, but the essence of love was thrilling in all his being, and a strong shudder ran through his frame, like that which the wayfarer experiences when he finds himself unexpectedly on the brink of an abyss.

"My sister!" he said, taking Anna's hand as tenderly and reverentially, she thought, as if he were fulfilling some sacred rite. She returned his pressure with the same simple solemnity: her face all the time turned away toward the horizon; and as Flavio noted the outline against the sky of her perfectly pure profile, a sweet yet troubled sense came over him of the ineffable comfort which he had so often experienced at this woman's side.

A moment later she leaned far over the parapet, for the sake of plucking a small flower which had blossomed in a cranny of the wall.

"Don't!" cried Flavio in sudden alarm and pulling her back from what looked like danger, "You cannot possibly reach it!"

"You are quite right," she answered. "I cannot reach it."

Their eyes met in one deep and searching gaze. The irresistible destiny which had brought them to this point, so near and still divided, seemed to surround them with a mysterious sadness, like the scent of roses run wild in a neglected garden. Bending close to her ear, Flavio said in a barely audible whisper, "You have not congratulated me."

Nuova Antologia.

Anna's eyelids quivered faintly; and it seemed to Flavio that the lines about her tired eyes deepened a little.

"I must have your approval," he urged—"Your sympathy!"

Involuntarily Anna flung out her arms toward the old house as if in a last appeal to the shades by which it was tenanted. In so doing she embraced the past and the future: what she had been and what she was to be. It was right. Flavio was acting simply and naturally, and everything else was over.

Still following her thought intently, he said in a low, unsteady voice:—

"Well?"

Anna never turned her head. Other faces lurked in the shadow; other eyes were on her.

"So be it," she sighed rather than said; and that was all.

The decisive act of their two lives was accomplished with austere simplicity. The secret of the old house was buried forever, and Anna became its guardian vestal.

At the same moment the sister of charity came out upon the terrace, tranquil and smiling under the white wings of her conventual cap, to tell them that Elvira was awake.

WHILE WAITING IN A FRIEND'S ROOM.

I have many vices and few virtues, and I often think that through my life I have suffered more from the latter than the former. For example, I am a punctual man, and when I make an appointment for a certain day and hour, I keep it; but I never find that anybody else does. I am now sitting in a friend's house, wondering why he has made a mistake in the hour, if not

in the day, of our settled meeting (though, to give the devil his due, when he did appear he gave a very good reason for his delay). Many people would lose their temper, but I am trying to keep mine by taking in all the objects of interest I see around me in a room singularly interesting.

The house was built by Adam—most people would call him Adams, which

is always annoying to an accurate and somewhat pedantic mind. The Brothers Adam, as is well known, worked towards the end of the last century, building that terrace on the Thames which, out of compliment to them, has since been called the Adelphi. Not only were these brothers architects of the highest order in the Italian school, but they were the forerunners of the Universal Providers of the present day, for in addition to their architectural skill they decorated houses and designed furniture of all kinds, as can be seen by any one visiting the large collection of their designs now preserved at the Sloane Museum in Lincoln's Inn.

The room where I ought to be losing my temper and am not is a beautiful specimen of the Adam type: richly decorated ceiling, cornice and moulding; polished mahogany doors, and a lovely chimney-piece of carved white marble with inlaid plaques of verd-antique. In the beautiful cornice the criticising eye may discern cracks which have not been caused by time, but by the results of a never-ending civilization which, in the shape of an underground railway, is burrowing its mole-like course under the house.

There are so many books on the shelves of a Chippendale bookcase that I am educating myself by reading the backs of them, and making believe I know what they contain; after all, it is only what we are doing every day with the men and women with whom we are brought in contact. What do we know of the inner thoughts and lives of half our friends? But we love to see them well and carefully dressed, as we do to see the books beautifully bound; and, having made acquaintance with their titles, I turn to the pictures all round me and try to imagine myself living in the time when the people they represented strutted on the stage which I shall in my turn have so soon

to leave—what space did they fill, and how did they fill it?

Around me are rare and valuable mezzotints, which sadly bring to my mind the time when they were to be bought for a few shillings; now they would fetch as many hundreds of pounds—in a day when all good things of a high class can command an enormous and inflated value. In the days of my youth I was in the shop of Madame Noseda, the well-known printseller in the Strand, and she reproached me for not buying some of her stock in trade:

"Furnish and adorn your room with a hundred pounds' worth of them, and depend upon it in a few years you will find you have made an excellent pecuniary investment."

How true her words have proved!—but then—alas!—I had not the hundred pounds.

Fashion, of course, plays the principal part in the game of values; artists comparatively unknown have sprung into notoriety, and now their works command enormous prices. I am now looking at a beautiful mezzotint after Copley of William, second Earl of Bessborough, Joint Postmaster-General in 1785, for in those days the office was always held by two Ministers. There is a picture of him in the House of Lords standing in the group of peers who surrounded the imaginary death scene of Lord Chatham. How, were he to descend from his frame and walk into the Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and take the place of that most charming of Postmaster-Generals, the Duke of Norfolk, would he comprehend the growth of that miraculous department since his day, when, as a daring and somewhat reckless reformer, he started the first mail coach from London to Bristol, and one single letter was despatched from London to Edinburgh by the three-days-a-week mail—when franks of peers and M.P.'s

carried free 7,000,000 out of 80,000,000 letters!—when the revenue of the Post Office was less than half a million! What would he think of a postal revenue of nearly 8,000,000*l.* per annum, and a yearly delivery of nearly 3,262,800,000, to say nothing of telegraphic, telephonic and money order business? Would his soul faint within him if he attempted to grapple with figures almost beyond the conception of an ordinary man?

Then there is a charming print in stipple hanging from the wall, called "Nice Supper"—a little girl sitting at table with a spoon in her hand and a basin of milk before her. This is Lady Sarah Spencer, afterwards Lady Lytton, Governess of the Royal children, drawn by her mother, Lavinia Countess Spencer. Immediately over this hangs one of the spirited sketches of another gifted amateur, Louisa Lady Waterford, whose coloring always reminds the critic of the old Italian masters.

Before me is a charming little miniature by Cosway of the ill-starred Lady Caroline Lamb, in the opinion of many people more sinned against than sinning. Her album lies on the table, full of her poems. The *fin-de-siècle* young ladies of to-day are apt to astonish us of an earlier age with their advanced opinions, but I find Lady Caroline at the age of fourteen bursting out in the following stanzas:

To see but him she loved in each mad
scene,
To picture fondly where he might have
been;
In every spot to see his form arise,
In every face to meet her Henry's
eyes;
Sadly to treasure up each moment
past,
Tell how he looked when she beheld
him last;
Count on his smiles—repeat his words
—then sigh
That girls believe and men speak
perjury.

LIVING AGE. VOL. IV. 217

The only joy in life that Laura knew,
Oh! Henry, was to sigh and think of
you.

But I cannot spend all my afternoon looking at pictures and dreaming of days that are gone for ever; but before I give up my appointment as hopeless, I use the privilege of an old friend and look into a book of unpublished autographs lying on the table.

I soon become so absorbed in their historical interest that I am tempted to transcribe a few of them. Here is the handwriting of the Countess d'Albany, the wife of the Young Pretender, who afterwards married Alfieri the poet, and is reported to have held a sham Royal Court in London after the death of Prince Charles Edward. Here, too, I see an interesting epistle to the Prince Regent from Mrs. Fitzherbert, full of reproaches for his conduct to her, and threatening to appeal to public opinion. "Do not," she says, "compel me for my own justification to appeal to the opinions of impartial persons by showing them my letters to you on this occasion, that they may judge whether or not I have said anything in them to merit the treatment I have met with." A scribble follows from the Princess Charlotte to Lady Westmorland. A sad letter from Sheridan complains of the low condition of Covent Garden funds, there not being "a shilling in the treasury but what goes to bring out our famous piece. This infallibly comes out next week, and before it has been six times acted Mr. Landell may rely on it I will settle with him."

He is not alone in his impecuniosity, for here is what a letter from Madame Vestris says:

"I have received 50*l.* from Mr. Bunn, who says that if I wish it the other 50*l.* shall be paid to-night. Most decidedly I do wish it, and more particularly as I have a payment to make in London, and I shall be much obliged

to you to inform Mr. Bunn that I expect in future to receive my salary according to agreement, which arrangement will save much trouble to both of us."

Charles Kemble says: "I have neither seen nor heard from Mr. Bunn since I quitted you.

"Mr. Milliken is so good as to be the bearer of this to you, and I shall be obliged by your procuring a settlement of my claim of one hundred guineas from Mr. Bunn, which Mr. Milliken will now receive, as I have made the debt over to him."

A long letter from David Garrick is rare, so I read what he says with interest: "That Miss Younge is with you is a very agreeable circumstance, for without a woman the real and our mock world are nothing.

"Now to do your draught. I have got it safe, and wrote to Moody. I sent it to Wallis and desired him to pay your money, but he sent it me back again and said you—(*sic*)—gone to Ireland. Since that I wrote to Moody and paid him 70*l.* for Johnson. I told him you wanted your money, and if he would send me another draught I would get it accepted by Sir Charles Argill and remit you the money directly, and you wanted it. He sent me word *he would sell his shirt* but you should have it. I have heard, to my surprise, nothing more from him. The moment I do I will let you know. I told him I was ready to give up the other draught to his order. I beg'd he would send you the money to Cork, but he told me he knew nobody. In short, I am sorry that I can give you no better an account.

"You may be assur'd your draught which he gave you without your name in it, I will keep safe for your order.

"I am too weak to say more."

But it is not actors only who harp on that eternal want of pence which vexes public men; for there lies before

me a letter from Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire bravely looking forward to a time of retrenchment. One wonders wherein the great charm of this captivating woman consisted. As in the case of the Gummings her portraits give no idea of actual beauty of feature; indeed, it is said that, before she came out, she made sure she should be a failure, and described herself as having a wide mouth, a snub nose, and red hair; and yet all the world were at her feet. Here is what she says: "My dearest Therese,—I have no excuse for not writing to you but the uncertainty I am in till something or other is settled or begun.

"Mr. Heaton's illness put us terribly back, and though the Duke is positively resolved to a reform—indeed too necessary—it hurts him to set about it.

"We are alone except Bess and Lord Fred, who comes to-day; but we are going to Hardwicke, and Bess and I hope we shall be there alone with him, when I dare say we shall get him to settle on some beginning; till then, I confess, I shall have no peace.

"I am quite well and take a great deal of exercise, both walking and riding, for I find bodily fatigue is the way to rest my mind and makes me sleep better than all the opiates they gave me when my nerves were so bad.

"Bless you, dear love.

"Direct, Hardwicke, Nr. Mansfield."

Then I came upon an unhappy letter from the elder Charles Matthews:

"If you pick up a likeness of Lord Norbury, an engraving, also Lord Morgan, do, for my autographs. They have been published in magazines. Buy book and all—Milligan, the bookseller, will help you.

"Mr. Edwin won't comply, and has affronted me smack about it. Another friend gone. I would as soon be a surgeon as a manager. I can see what it is now—enough to make one sigh for

an entire private station. Friendship--feeling--won't do for this world. I should be sorry if it were to last long, but Sir Thomas Lawrence these. How anxious he was about a drawing on the 3rd January. It is *not* in his coffin.

"I am very hoarse and unfit for work and melancholy. If you wish to know what I think and believe, read Moore's Byron; I agree with all Byron says."

This letter of Charles Matthews' reminds one of the story of the doctor's advising a well-known comedian to rouse himself and go to the theatre and laugh at Quin. "I am Quin," he said in a melancholy voice.

Then there are letters which I have seen published of Charlotte Brontë's and one from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Gallenga, and an old-world epistle from Miss Maria Edgeworth to Lady Charleville.

From Charlotte Brontë: "It is with extreme sorrow that I have to inform you of the death of my poor father. He died at a ripe age, full of ailments, but surrounded by his daughters. The bereavement has so upset me that I am for the time incapable of pursuing my literary avocation. The pen has no charm, and the thing you speak of lies for the nonce neglected—to be resumed, I trust, in the future, with better heart. My brother was not present at father's death—I believe he is in Guernsey. The less I say of him the easier will be my heart.

"Dear friend, it would be a source of consolation to me if you could call and spend a few hours with me. I desire to consult you about some technicalities in the publishing and printing details of my forthcoming book; and if you would give me a little of the benefit of your ripe judgment of their sense, I am sure I should be the better for it—beside saving considerably in a pecuniary point of view."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning to M.

Gallenga: "They write to me from Florence that a pamphlet of M. Savagnole's has been sent to the English Consul's for me for safety (notwithstanding which precaution it has not arrived). The pamphlet seems to have had a wide publicity in Tuscany, and the desire is that you should consent to translate it into English. Will you signify by a simple 'yes' or 'no' whether you are inclined to undertake this, which must otherwise fall into other hands, at once?

"The patriots of Tuscany are absolutely agreed upon waiting the results of the situation without crossing the idea of the Independence of Italy by any opinions upon internal government. Such unity, it is said, among persons of every variety of view—republican, constitutional, etc.—was never before known in Italy. I had used your suggestion, and this is the reply, and I confess to you that I consider it adequate.

"May God help Italy!"

From Miss Maria Edgeworth to Lady Charleville: "Are you disengaged this evening, and would you like that my sister Wilson and I should do ourselves the pleasure of coming to your tea-table, or to your tea without table or tablecloth? Fashion apart, I may own I have no fancy for the tablecloth. I do not see that it improves conversation or comfort in any way, but I think your conversation would carry off the tablecloth, if it be your fashion."

Here are some lines from Luttrell's pen on the Regent's illness, and a skit on waltzing by R. B. Sheridan:

Sad news! The Prince is taken ill—
All will depend on Halford's skill.
"Tell, Sir Ben," says the physician:
"How comes he in this low condition?"
When Bloomfield ventured to announce

¹ First Lord Bloomfield, H. R. H.'s personal attendant.

A small excess of cherry bounce,
 The Regent, hearing what was said,
 Raised from the couch his aching head
 And cried in accents weak and low,
 "Curaçoa—curaçoa—cure us, O doctor,
 cure us O!"

ON WALTZING, 1807.

While arts improve in this aspiring
 age,
 Peers mount the coach box, heroes
 tread the stage,
 And waltzing females with unblushing
 face
 Disdain to dance but in a man's em-
 brace.
 All arts improve, but modesty is dead,
 And truth and virtue with our bullion
 fled.

An amusing little quatrain by Horace
 Smith, and a breezy flowing little al-
 manack illustrative of our English cli-
 mate by Lady Morley, and I must shut
 up this fascinating book.

By Horace Smith, one of the authors
 of the "Rejected Addresses":

Let this plain truth those ingrates
 strike
 Who still, tho' bless'd, new blessings
 crave—
 That we may all have what we like
 Simply by liking what we have.

By Lady Morley:

January	snowy
February	flowy
March	blowy
April	showery
May	flowery
June	bowery
July	croppy
August	hoppy
September	poppy

The Nineteenth Century.

October	wheezy
November	sneezy
December	freezy

I can wait no longer. So, after hav-
 ing indulged in a kind of armchair
 communion with the past for an hour,
 I tried to shake myself into unison
 with the throbbing, thrusting, tearing
 crowd of fashion in the streets; but I
 found it difficult even in old Tyburn
 Road, now called Oxford Street, whose
 very name suggested ancient English
 history—for it and all the streets
 around seem to have derived their
 names from the family of Veres and
 Harleys, Earls of Oxford—I could not
 have believed how extensive this deri-
 vation was till I discovered that in
 1713 Edward Earl of Oxford and Mor-
 timer, Baron Wigmore, married Lady
 Henrietta Cavendish Holles. Their
 only daughter and heiress, Lady Mar-
 garet, married William Duke of Port-
 land; so from these families were chris-
 tened in the neighborhood, Vere, Ox-
 ford, Harley, Mortimer, Welbeck, Wig-
 more, Henrietta, Cavendish, Holles,
 Margaret, Bentinck, Bulstrode, and
 Wimpole Streets, and Cavendish
 Square and Portland Place; Wimpole
 having been sold by Lord Oxford to
 Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, while Bul-
 strode was one of the seats of the Port-
 land family which passed into the fam-
 ily of the Duke of Somerset.

In the practical hurry of the present,
 however, all this grows difficult to real-
 ize and appreciate.

We are snobs every one of us, but we
 have little time to do homage to the
 ghosts of the great.

Algernon West.

TOLSTOI.*

The appearance of many of Tolstoi's works has been greeted with more of astonishment than admiration, and this astonishment has been heightened 'by anecdotes descriptive of the peculiar mode of life led by the illustrious writer on his estate of Yasnaya Polyana. Concerning these anecdotes, it may be said that they have travelled too far not to have lost a trifle of their authenticity on the way. All that may justly be concluded from them is that Count Tolstoi has given up writing merely for the purpose of adding to his fame or his fortune; that the works he now brings out, with a few exceptions, are intended to disseminate the moral and religious doctrines he professes; that in his attempts to be consistent with his teachings, he has renounced luxury and shares the toil of his peasants, manual labor being, in his estimation, the only kind suited to human conditions.

A man who professes such theories, and who, not content with professing them, puts them into practice in the very midst of the civilization which he decries, is certainly a rare phenomenon. For this reason the admirers of "Peace and War," and "Anna Karenina" shrug their shoulders and assert that the old master—the imprint of whose genius is to be recognized in all his new books—is an "eccentric," or a prey to an attack of mystic alienation.

This is a hasty judgment, though it is a commonly accepted one, and I ask for its revision for many reasons. The first of these is, that from the moment when Tolstoi became master of his genius until to-day, his intellectual nature has, it seems to me, developed with perfect

regularity and in a straight line, so to speak. I can distinguish three successive phases in this development, all bound together by the chain of perfectly natural logic:

First, the author, pursuing the ways common to all men, literary and otherwise, but already haunted by ideas of a superior order, writes books that shall bring him fame and fortune but in which the thoughts that possess him shall still have their place. This is the epoch of his two principal romances, in which while depicting the manners of his countrymen he also brings himself into full view, dramatizing his own unrest, his struggles, and his attempts to fathom the meaning of life.

Second, after realizing all his ambitions, he is still unhappy; he then renounces the pursuit of mirages that vanish under the touch and devotes himself entirely to the search for the "something" of which he has always had the divination, but which he desires to discover. He turns his attention inward to his conscience, and explores its secret depths; this research results in the finding of those truths for which he has always longed. ("My Confession." "My Religion.")

Third, these truths are not mere metaphysical formulas; their bases are in action, not speculation. It is impossible, or at least futile, to know them without using them. For what is the use of having found the good if one continues to do evil? One cannot be happy or even at rest, unless he practices what he knows to be right; neither is it sufficient for him alone to practice these precepts; the idea of human solidarity becomes more exacting as the conscience develops; it becomes

* Translated for *The Living Age* by H. Twitchell.

necessary to persuade others to share discoveries with those who have been less successful. This explains the retreat to Yasnaja Pollana and the last writings.

At the risk of appearing "queer" in my turn, I must confess that this development appears to me to be perfectly normal. I refuse to believe a man mentally disordered because he tries to live in accordance with his convictions. It is exceptional, I must confess, and I can well understand why it creates astonishment.

Neither can it be said that Tolstoi is a mystic. Mysticism, as the word itself indicates, has always been a transcendental doctrine. Mystics, especially Christian mystics, have always sacrificed the present to the future life; the care of the soul absorbs them, not because the soul is the regulator of life, but because it is the only immortal part of our being; if they pause to study the conduct proper for mankind, it is not because that conduct has any significance in itself, but because, by the decree of an Eternal Being, who created us and holds us in His hands, our endless future is to be determined by the use we make of our terrestrial days. The soul-life is preferred to practical life—contemplation, to action.

Now, what forcibly strikes one on reading Tolstoi for the first time, is the almost complete absence of all metaphysics, and the indifference shown to problems relating to future existence. He is on the point as clear and explicit as one could wish: "I hold that faith is not alone the conviction of the existence of invisible things, etc.," he says in "My Confession" (1879); "It is not the relation of man to God—one must define faith and then God, and not faith by God—neither is it the simple consent of man to believe what is told him. Faith is the knowledge of human life, the knowledge that makes man live, that prevents him from working his

own destruction. It is the very mainspring of life."

In his later works his mind is so completely at rest on the subject that he does not even mention it. He leaves no possible room for misconception on the subject, however. If he believes in God it is not to adore Him with the effusions of a heart that finds nothing with which to occupy itself on this earth, not to seek out His mysterious influence in human affairs, not to ask Him to grant us eternal felicity for a few good acts performed in this life; it is because God appears naturally at the end of his reasoning. He sees and points out to others a sharp boundary line between the finite and the infinite, and this he does not attempt to cross.

The prejudice that makes a mystic of Tolstoi once dispelled, we find ourselves in the presence of a simple moralist, whose activity may be easily characterized.

This activity, like that of all moralists, is double, consisting of observation and of predication; in other words, it begins by stating the evil in society or in individuals, then it seeks for remedies to combat it.

A sincere and disinterested observation of the world can end only by a recognition of its unhappy condition. Optimists are mere dreamers. On every hand one sees death, disease, war, crime, vice and stupidity. While it is true that life, health, peace, love, virtue and intelligence exist, it is none the less true that death conquers life, health is destroyed by disease, peace by war, and virtue is more often corrupted by vice than vice is corrected by virtue. Those persons who refuse to accept these evidences are like ostriches that hide their heads in the sand to escape from their enemies.

Still, surrounded as we are by all sorts of evils, that menace both our bodies and our souls, we may escape from their tyrannies according to our

degree of sensitiveness to them. This is a truth embodied by Tolstoi in the allegory of the traveller surprised in the desert by a wild animal.

"In his desire to escape from the ferocious beast this traveller started to descend into a dry well; but in the bottom he sees a dragon, with mouth open to devour him. Not daring to go out for fear of the beast, or to descend further for fear of the dragon, the unfortunate man hangs suspended to the branches of an overhanging bush out of the reach of either danger. His hands cramp and he feels that he must soon loosen his hold; he clings desperately, but soon two mice begin to gnaw him. He then knows that he must inevitably perish; he looks about him and finds some drops of honey on the leaves of the shrub; he puts out his tongue and eagerly licks it off."

There are many men who forget the beast, the dragon, and the mice, as long as there is any honey to lick; others do not cease to fear, but the honey consoles them to such a degree that they find their position tolerable. Others realize their danger so keenly that they either do not see the honey or else they disdain it, and they constantly strive to reach a more solid branch to secure greater safety. Some find it, or think they do, and grasp it. It is to this class of travellers that Tolstoi belongs.

Endowed with exceptional sensibilities, he has widened the usual limits of egotism so as to embrace those around him. At the present stage of his development he feels in all its horror the tragedy of human destiny—the traveller suspended by the slender roots, forgetting his peril to lick up the honey,—and he desires to warn him. That he is right is not a matter of doubt, and yet, in the sentiment that inspires him, there is something so exceptional, so excessive, that it excites a vague distrust. "He goes too far," say many who approve of him in part, and per-

haps the criticism is not without foundation.

As we have just seen in commenting on the allegory of the traveller, most men accept life as it is; they pass through the world in a state of semi-consciousness, which is consoling if not philosophical. If Tolstoi occupies himself with men of this kind, it is only with the purpose of arousing them from their contented indifference. His attention turns through preference towards others, his brothers in spirit, the anxious ones who are conscious of their danger and are, in consequence, desirous of escaping from it.

With his inflexible logic he wishes to follow evil back to its very roots and attack it there, to destroy not only the manifestation of the enemy, but the enemy itself. Freed from the perverted curiosity of the dilettante, from metaphysical preoccupation which, to borrow his own metaphor, makes the miller neglect his mill to think of the river,—mindful of but one thing,—life,—he devotes all his mental energies to searching out rules for his government. His moral system is rigorous in proportion as his observation has been keen, but it is practical and as simple as possible. The following precepts seem to sum it up:

Evil can never produce good; as a consequence, the wicked should never be resisted, whatever their exactions and pretensions. Christ's words, commanding us to turn the left cheek if we are smitten on the right, should be followed to the letter. Strict obedience to this command alone can lead men, as individuals or as nations, into the way of salvation. Granted that it be at the sacrifice of all social organizations,—courts, governments, the army; these institutions that have been founded by force have no use except to keep up warlike conditions, for which to be in harmony with the spirit of Christianity those of peace should be substituted.

This result can be attained only by personal renunciation, by sacrificing our will and interests to the love of our fellowmen.

It is needless to refer to the corollaries and the results of these principles reduced to practice. Every one can see what they are without a very great mental effort. Tolstoi saw them, but did not recoil before them.

"Reflect on the folly of going out to kill Germans and Turks," he says; "do not do it;—reflect on the folly of appropriating the labor of the poor in order to be garbed in the fashion, or to be able to hold receptions that bore you; do not do it;—reflect on the folly of crowding men into prisons, condemning to idleness and hideous depravity persons already corrupted by those very things; do not do it;—reflect on the folly of living in the pestilential air of cities when you can live in the pure air; do not do it;—reflect on the folly of teaching your children the grammar of dead languages; do not do it." ("My Religion.")

As can be seen from these extracts, Tolstoi asks for a complete reform of our social organizations and our public morality. He is not less radical in the matter of private morals. He claims that the greater part of existing evils comes from our false ideas of social life; we consider wealth the most important of things, while in reality it is inferior to poverty. It is acquired only at the expense of others, and it leads us to renounce the only normal labor commanded by God, work with the hands, especially the tilling of the soil, as necessary to happiness as it is to health. Wealth brings other inconveniences; when we possess it we wish to enjoy it; we are in consequence led to seek pleasures opposed to our real natures, and are often urged into evil-doing. The remedy for all such ills is found only in the sacrifice of self-love to the welfare of others, in living simple, pure, and humble lives, devoted to

labor and to patriarchal family affections.

Apart from certain exaggerations, we can hardly refuse to believe that Tolstoi is right. Still he will find few followers; the most fervent admirers of his genius will fail to follow the least of his precepts. The great moralist knows this well; he realizes that the real obstacles in his way are the indifference and frivolity of people, not their dialectics.

Can it be said that his warnings and teachings are wasted? That those beautiful books, inspired by such pure sentiments, are cries uttered in the wilderness, seeds carried away by the winds? I cannot think so. Tolstoi is an apostle, with the force of perfect conviction, with the logic of an honest nature that cannot be prevented from going to the end of its conclusions. Extreme in his analysis of human life,—which always appears to him in the acute state, so to speak,—he prescribes extreme remedies, and for the reason that they are extreme, these have little chance of being accepted, or even experimented with. Still men hear the accusing voice; they are stopped by it, and they listen to it. They are not apostles, they are less severe and thoughtful, more practical, merely men of good intentions, who deal with the real rather than with the ideal. They admit that the voice speaks truly, but they know, too, that its commands oppose too many of their interests to be obeyed; that, wrong though it may be, society exists and must be dealt with as it is. So, even while accepting the doctrine, they attenuate it.

Then they speak in their turn, in accents less divine, to be sure, but more persuasive; other men, merely receptive, whom the accents of the master would have frightened because of their remoteness, collect around these new teachers. Sleeping consciences are aroused; grave problems are consid-

ered, good and evil are more clearly defined. All this must lead to an elevation, even though slight, of public and private morality. The results may be pitifully small, but something is gained, and it should teach us not to despair when we know that the best

among us treasure in their hearts pure and lofty ideals, even if these can never become full realities.

"Enter into the narrow path and you shall be with God, and your work shall be neither great nor small, but it shall be the work of God."

Edouard Rod.

VOICES OF AFRICA.

THE SAHARA.

The ghosts of buried cities scale the air
When day wakes my mirage. The lion keeps
My iron hills. The bones of men lie bare
Where my thirst-sickle its rich harvest reaps.
Time, like a little child, amid my sands
Builds and unbuilds with feeble, listless hands.

EGYPT.

The Gods who dwell 'mid equatorial snows
Bade Nilus cleave the waste, and I awoke.
A giant robed in mystery I arose;
The young world listened, breathless, when I spoke.
My Sphinx Time's sister is; her brood lies hid
Where the dead dream 'neath rock and pyramid.

THE LAKES.

Hand seeking hand, a peerless sisterhood,
We watched for dawn through dark of murderous years;
Our sky-pure fringes mired with human blood,—
Our rain-sweet wavelets salt with human tears.
Our tideless glasses gleam resplendently,
High o'er the rockings of the wandering sea.

THE ZAMBEZI.

The spoils the sky had of the world-wide main
I bear, new-gathered from ten thousand rills,
To where the thund'rous cliffs my steps enchain,—
Clogged with the wastage of a million hills,—
Then, breaking forth in triumph, full and free,
I render back my booty to the sea.

THE SOUTHERN DESERTS.

The wayward Spring, in dalliance afar,
Forgets us through long seasons, till the skies

Cynthia's Wager.

Weep for our burning woe.—Then, star on star,
 Rich blossoms from our glowing dunes arise.
 Thirst, with his legioned agonies, still stands,
 Guarding the barren empire of our sands.

THE BLACK PEOPLES.

God smote us with an itch to dip our hands
 In one another's blood. Our long travail
 The ages hearken to. The ocean sands
 Than we are not more myriad. Men hale
 Us forth in chains o'er every moaning sea,
 Foul with the trails of Man's iniquity.

JOHANNESBURG.

A maenad seated on a golden throne—
 My plaything is a nation's destiny;
 My feet are clay; my bosom is a stone;
 The princes of all lands are fain of me,—
 But, stark, before the splendor of my gates,
 The grim Boer, leaning on his rifle, waits.

THE WHITE COMMONWEALTHS.

To-morrow unregarded,—clean effaced
 The lesson of unhallowed yesterday,—
 We rail against each other; interlaced
 Albeit are our fortunes. So we stray:
 Blind to the lurid writing on the wall;
 Deaf to the words Fate's warning lips let fall.

The Spectator.

William Charles Scull-

CYNTHIA'S WAGER.

I.

Cynthia's behaviour at this time gave me, I confess, grounds for some uneasy apprehension. My estate, though not bountiful, was sufficient: I was but twenty-five years of age, and I was endowed by nature with those parts that best become a man of letters. Not a few of my verses, as I still believe, were worthy of Mr. Congreve or Mr. Pope, and I had employed my gifts freely in hymning my Cynthia's praises. Indeed, during many months, my ad-

dresses had been received so favorably that I had come to regard her as already mine. Judge, therefore, of my displeasure, when from my fancied security I seemed like to be completely overthrown, and that by a saucy rascal of whom none in our neighborhood had any knowledge. For there arrived one day upon our village, newly come from London, a fellow named Jack Hardy, furnished with no other credential than an over-plentiful supply both of money and impudence. He gave himself the airs of a town-gallant, loving to speak

of political intrigue and the last scandalous tale from the coffee-houses with much fullness, but, as I was apt to suppose, with very little knowledge.

However, his gallantry prevailed much with Cynthia. She was forever questioning him upon the newest modes, enquiring whether petticoats were still full-hooped, and whether, as a good Tory, she should patch upon the left cheek or the right. To all her questions the cunning coxcomb devised flattering replies, vowing that, did she but journey to London, it would be scarce a week before she had become the toast of the town. In a word he stood so high in her favor that I feared lest on his return to London he should persuade the deluded Cynthia to accompany him. But, by great good luck, he was summoned hastily to leave, at the call, as he said, of business, and I hoped heartily that we had seen the last of him.

Judging that now was the time to press my suit, I visited Cynthia without delay. She and her father, the clergyman of our parish, entertained me with a dish of tea in the garden, it being July, and the weather very sultry. But my love had a fit of the vapors and scarce would speak, save of the pleasures of a town life, while we endeavored vainly to divert her humor. When her father had withdrawn, being busied with his sermon for the morrow, I strove to reason with her afresh.

"Tis idle to talk," said she. "'Tis my fate to live all my years in the dull country manner, to be burdened with keeping house all day, with a hand at ombre or piquet of an evening, as my one diversion."

"You can change it when you will," I said. "Were you but my wife, Cynthia, how gladly would I pass each hour in devising new pleasures for you."

"Pretty pleasures, forsooth!" she cried. "Can you wonder that a gallant

gentleman like Master Hardy attracts me rather than a dull country squire?"

"At least," I answered warmly—for indeed her tone angered me—"you know that I come of good family; while as for that coxcomb—"

"You shall not speak of him thus!" said Cynthia. "He is well known and esteemed throughout the cities of London and Westminster. I have his own word for it."

"A pretty pledge, indeed!" said I. "And yet, Cynthia, if 'tis fame that you desire for your husband, I myself have hopes of gaining some share by my writings."

"Tis slow in coming," she said. "Those ingenious speculations, now, which you writ last year and proffered to the Spectator—"

"Mr. Addison did not print them," I admitted; "but what of that? I shall yet succeed."

Cynthia laughed scornfully. "You are over-modest, sir! Well, I will promise to be yours can you but gain ten guineas by your writing in six months' time."

"Darling!" cried I, "be sure, with such a prize in view, I will succeed!" and I endeavored to embrace her. She slipped nimbly away, but as she did so a necklace of the finest brilliants fell to the ground from the bosom of her dress, wherein it had been concealed.

She made as if to pick it up, but I was before her. "A pretty trinket! Perchance your father gave it you?"

Cynthia blushed. "No, I had it of Master Hardy, if you must know. Not but what your question savors of impertinence."

"Then," said I "you had best return it to him. To receive such presents from gentlemen is not permitted to my wife."

"Oh!" she cried with flaming cheeks, "I am not your wife!"

"But you will be before a month is passed. On Monday, Cynthia, I set out

for London, where I make no doubt I shall sell my poems for a round sum. And then I shall return to claim you. See here, for instance, is a trifle." I pulled a paper from my pocket and began to read:—

"As when the sea, with wild resounding roar,
Gathers its strength and surges to the shore,
Though baffled oft, returning yet again
It strives to shake th' unshaken cliff,
In vain,
Doomed still to seek, and never to obtain—
So, cruel maid, attempts thy swain forlorn
To move thy heart, and mollify thy scorn,
Thou, as that rock—"

There was a swish of skirts, and looking up, I beheld the saucy baggage running down the garden path, with her hands clapt to her ears.

I put the poem away thoughtfully. Did Cynthia indeed disdain me? "Pooh!" cried I, taking heart, "she cannot do so, else had she not made that wager. Ten guineas, forsooth! 'Twas of her cunning that she named so paltry an amount. Ten guineas! Why, these few lines alone would not be dear at such a price."

II.

Two days later, being the sixth of July in the year 1715, I set out for London, bearing with me fair copies of the most elegant of my poems rolled around a cylinder of wood to keep them from being crushed. The journey by the stage-wagon was tedious; the occurrences I met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of it. I was mightily pleased to see at last the ruddy glow in the sky which betokened the situation of London.

On the morning following I quitted

my apartments for the purpose of selling my poems, hoping thus at one stroke to disprove the flouts and to gain the hand of my adored Cynthia. It was some years since I had been last in town, and I was incommoded somewhat by the crowded state of the streets, to which I was wholly unaccustomed. Passage was rendered the more difficult by the monstrous garb worn by the women of fashion, whose petticoats were now blown up into a most enormous concave, well-nigh covering the whole breadth of the pavement. Moreover the thoroughfares were full with bands of busybodies, arguing on matters of politics, and discussing the last advices from the Court. With some difficulty, therefore, I made my way to the house of Mr. Jacob Tonson, the publisher, which stands within Gray's Inn Gate, next to Gray's Inn Lane.

Here, I was persuaded, my adventures would have a happy conclusion, nor had I imagined the rebuff that was in store for me. When, after an irksome delay, I was ushered into Mr. Tonson's private room, that gentleman cut short my proposal to read aloud some favorable specimens of my muse.

"You have a good subscription list for your volume, sir?" he enquired.

I explained that this was needless; the quality of my work could not fail to commend itself to the public.

"Or perhaps you design to dedicate it to some person of quality, whose name you have permission to use, and whose interest you may command?"

"My muse needs no patron," said I. "If you will but permit me to read you a few passages—" and I began to untie my roll.

He stopped me with an imperative gesture. "It were a needless trouble," he said; "I am loth to seem discourteous, sir, but I cannot publish your poems. And I have an appointment in a few minutes with Mr. Addison."

Being not a little vexed at this reception, I bade Mr. Tonson an unceremonious farewell, and returned to my lodgings and my dinner. While I was about it, I asked my landlady whether she had ever heard of Jack Hardy, thinking to test the fellow's saying that he was famous throughout the town. To my surprise she said that she knew of him very well, adding with an odd side-long look that she hoped I was no friend of his, as to which I reassured her very sufficiently. But, having whetted my curiosity in this way, she refused to divulge anything further concerning him, saying that it was best to say nothing against so dangerous a fellow.

Having finished my dinner, I set off once more, this time to the house of Mr. Lintot, the rival of Mr. Tonson. There scarce could be two publishers, I imagined, foolish enough to despise my poems. Conceive of my dismay, therefore, when Mr. Lintot put the same questions to me as Mr. Tonson had done, and likewise refused with the utmost emphasis to give a single guinea for my verses!

Now, indeed, I was at a loss how to act, but being wearied with my fruitless journeying, I betook myself to Buton's coffee-house, to which, as I knew, the literary wits of the town were apt to resort. Seating myself in a corner with a dish of coffee, I feigned to be reading a news-sheet, while in truth listening to the words and studying the countenances of those who, as the evening drew on, began to swarm into the room.

The talk was indeed an odd contrast to that which engaged the rest of the town. Although public matters at this time were in a troubled condition, and the contention 'twixt Whig and Tory running very high, the company amongst whom I now found myself scarce mentioned matters of state. To listen to them you might have sup-

posed England to be a republic of letters, and books to be the one topic of importance worthy the attention of a zealous citizen. What converse there was upon politics was very amiably exchanged, the disputants vying in good-humored raillery at each other's expense. But when the talk was of letters, the debate waxed so exceedingly warm, were it but over a line of some German writer, that more than once I looked for the rival factions to come to blows. To one person only did both parties pay deference, nor was I surprised to hear this arbiter addressed as Mr. Addison. His discourse was grave and weighty in manner, but he showed some ill-humor did any seem to differ from him. Methinks it was the mention of a line from a Latin author which caused him to begin an ingenious dissertation on the immortality of the soul. But he was cut short by a gentleman of a ruddy face and a manner which seemed to betoken that he had supped. 'Twas easy to guess by his bearing that this was Sir Richard Steele.

"Oh! stop, stop," he cried. "Your sojourn in Ireland, I perceive, has not cured you of your fondness for preaching. You are full as dull as ever were your Saturday Spectators."

Mr. Addison frowned. "It were well had you profited by their teaching, Dick. But you are to know, gentlemen," he said, placing two volumes on the table before him, "that I would have your opinion concerning these two translations of Homer's First Iliad. I am apt to think, though both are well done, that Mr. Tickell's has more of Homer than Mr. Pope's."

"Mr. Pope has a pretty wit for the writing of lampoons," said another, "but I am mightily surprised at his attempting Homer."

"Methinks," quoth a third with a sneer, "that he is somewhat indebted to these ancient heathen, for they have

furnished him with the pattern of his morality and manner of life."

"Nay," broke in Sir Richard, "you wrong Mr. Pope therein. And to me his performance seems to excell Mr. Tickell's; 'tis as just to the sense; and the numbers, beyond question, have more spirit."

Thereon arose a general clamor, all the rest abusing Mr. Pope with the utmost vehemence, but rather assailing his character as a man than his merit as a translator. Mr. Addison, indeed, made some show of defence on his behalf, but with little zeal. I make no doubt that Sir Richard had borne his part in the debate, but that, overcome by the effect of his potations, he speedily fell into a very profound slumber.

As it was now become dark, I began my return to my abode, not a little out of humor with the spitefulness of the critics whose judgment I had heard. And thereby I was led to reflect upon the baseness of that envious spirit which loves to speak ill of all those who by their own merit have gained general applause. It were scarce worth while, I thought, for a man to labor after fame, if, when he has gained it, all who were once his equals will envy and abuse him, because they now see him their superior, and will endeavor to sink his reputation that they may the better advance their own.

I had proceeded thus far in my speculation when my thoughts were on a sudden diverted. Turning the corner of a narrow and ill-lit street hard by Covent Garden, I heard sounds as of a scuffle, mingled with loud appeals for aid. Hastening in the direction of the clamor, I found a small man endeavoring to escape from the clutches of three rascals, whom, from their violence, as well as from their masked faces, I took to be some of those footpads who commonly infest the city by night. By ill-luck I wore no sword, nor had I anything in my hand save my roll of poems

fastened around the piece of wood. But, through the swiftness of my approach, and the din made by these knaves, who were crying "Down with the Papist!" at the top of their voices, I was upon them before they were aware of my presence. With a mighty blow I brought down my roll, which served very tolerably as a weapon, upon the head of the nearest, and with such effect that he fell headlong into the gutter. The second immediately took to his heels, crying out that the watch were after them. But the remaining fellow threw himself fiercely upon me, and contrived to snatch my roll from my grasp. I grappled with him, however, and for some moments we wrestled fiercely, he endeavoring to strike me with my own weapon, while I did my utmost to throw him. In the violence of our struggle it chanced that his mask was displaced, and the moon emerging at the same moment from behind a cloud showed, to my amazement, the features of Jack Hardy!

So astonished was I that my hold upon him slackened. In a moment he had taken to his heels, and with such swiftness vanished that I rubbed my eyes to learn whether I were not in a dream. But now the gentleman whom I had rescued, and whom I perceived to be somewhat misshapen and deformed, approached me with many protestations of gratitude. To secure him against further attack I readily undertook to accompany him to his abode. On the way he inquired my name and condition, and seemed mightily relieved to hear that I was from the country.

"I greatly desire you, sir," he added, "to tell none, at least in town, of this adventure. It would furnish the scurvvy wits of Button's with a month's humor. But there, 'tis your good fortune to know nothing of Button's."

"Nay," I replied, "you mistake; I quitted it not an hour since."

"Hey!" he cried, looking at me sharp-

ly, "and did they speak of my Homer and Mr. Addison's?"

"If I am fortunate enough to have the company of Mr. Pope," said I, "they did indeed speak of your work, as also of Mr. Tickell's, but they made no mention of that of Mr. Addison."

"'Tis the same," he cried. "And pray, what was their judgment?"

I hesitated. "One that merits not to be repeated."

"True," he agreed; "they are but a petty crowd of winkers and whisperers, the slaves of a grand Turk. But had you a taste for poetry—"

His words reminded me of my loss. "Alas," I said, "that scoundrel took my poems with him!" and Mr. Pope—for it was indeed that ingenious writer whom I had rescued—being vastly curious to know my meaning, I made bold to tell him the entire history of my adventure to town, which diverted my auditor hugely.

"Zounds," he said, "your poems are indeed weighty reading, and have given that scoundrel a worse headache than ever Mr. Phillips' pastorals brought upon his readers. I am mightily indebted to your skill as a handler of verse. But what will the lady say if you return to her empty-handed? Nay, your valor must needs not go unrequited. You will permit me, sir, to exert my interest on your behalf with my Lord Halifax and others—or if you would desire some place under Government, since the Tories have no longer the upper hand, I doubt not that I could secure it for you."

"Nay," I replied, "it were ill-fitting for me to claim so great a reward for a service so paltry, nor would I willingly leave my present mode of life in the country for the strife and turmoil of the town. But if, as you honor me by saying, my poems have rescued you from some peril, ten guineas were a trifle to pay for the well-being of the illustrious Mr. Pope. And thereby, as I

have set before you, could I claim my Cynthia."

He laughed again. "'Tis richly earned!" he cried, pulling out his purse. "Never have lines done so much service as those you printed on that rascal's head! Here are the guineas, most valiant Ajax! I need trespass no longer upon your courtesy, for we are now hard upon my house. Farewell, and commend me to the beauteous Cynthia."

With this he left me, and I turned to my own journey, very well pleased with the night's adventure. Nor ever afterwards could I endure to hear Mr. Pope's character made free with, as was too commonly done by the baser sort of wit. At least he had behaved towards me with the greatest generosity and good-will. I had earned my ten guineas by my poems, and was at liberty to quit London on the following day.

III.

You may suppose that I hastened home with the utmost dispatch, and betook myself without delay to Cynthia. I discovered her seated in the garden, and her cheek reddened at my approach.

"So soon returned!" she cried. "You have quickly forsaken your purpose, sir."

"Nay," said I, "I have gained it," and without more ado I related the whole history of my adventure. When I told her of my unexpected meeting with Jack Hardy, you may conceive her confusion. That gentleman, as I had since found, spoke no more than truth when he claimed to be known throughout London, for he was the head of a notorious band of footpads, and had come to our village with the intent of eluding the pursuit of the law. The necklace which the designing fellow had bestowed upon Cynthia was doubtless part of his ill-gotten booty.

When with great exactness I had told her all, Cynthia gazed at me with a new light in her eyes.

"Oh," she cried, "that I could have preferred that vile imposter to—" she choked herself at the word.

"May I beg you to recall our wager?" said I. "My poems have earned ten

guineas, and—"

Hereat she suddenly fell to sobbing.

"Nay, how can you pardon me, when 'tis Cynthia who has lost you your poems?"

"Not so," I replied, folding her in my arms, "'tis my poems that have won me Cynthia."

Temple Bar.

Anthony C. Deane.

A CHILD.

I.

Oh added being, fair and new,
And how, by you,
To man, to nature, will be paid
The difference made?

II.

A need, a little theft, of sun—
The debt begun!
A little shadow on the grass—
But swift to pass.

III.

A little silence from the day
You take away;
And, for the night, a little sleep
Receive and keep.

IV.

To human care, that can but grant,
You whisper want.
And all the hard, indifferent days
Must find you praise.

V.

But—in the heart your need befriends
The plunder ends.
But—in the heart you pay with peace
Your robberies cease.

Winifred Lenox.

A CITY OF STRANGE CUSTOMS.

The relics of old London will soon be lost to us; the City churches, one by one, are disappearing; the ancient charities and ceremonials are falling into abeyance or are being shorn of their quaint particulars. The churches must go, for they have outlived their congregations; the charities must be reformed, for their methods have grown antiquated; the quaint ceremonies will have to be abolished, for they have lost their significance.

The Crown, quite recently, suggested that the annual ceremony of "doing service" for certain property should be abandoned. The Corporation would not hear of it. So the City Solicitor, accompanied by the Secondary, a sort of under-sheriff, still attends, on the last day of October in each year, upon the Queen's Remembrancer. The proclamation follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!—Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the Moors in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service, upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon." And then the City Solicitor, with befitting solemnity, chops two fagots in halves, one with a hatchet and the other with a billhook. Next the tenants and occupiers of "a certain tenement with a forge" in the Strand are similarly summoned. Whereupon the Solicitor counts out six horseshoes. "How many have you?" asks the Remembrancer. "Six," replies the Solicitor, and the Remembrancer rejoins, "Good number." Having presented the shoes, the Solicitor then counts out sixty-one shoe nails, with the same ceremonial; though there is certainly no forge in the Strand at the present time, and all trace even of where it once stood has long been lost. The piece of waste land called the Moors, too, is no longer the property of the Corporation.

The same horseshoes and nails have been in use many years; the shoes indeed are about two centuries old.

The City takes a pardonable pride in its ancient customs. The charity at St. Bartholomew's was threatened with extinction through want of funds. It has been re-endowed by the will of a citizen but lately deceased. The name of the first testator has not survived nor the date of the first endowment. Time out of mind, then—let us say—at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on Good Friday morning, twenty-one poor and aged widows have been invited to pick up an equal number of new sixpences from off a tombstone in the graveyard and have been further presented with a hot cross bun each. Charitable persons in the olden time not infrequently ordered that their alms should be so laid upon their graves. In this way they hoped to keep their memories green.

Naturally some of the ancient City customs are connected with the art of dining.—Gastronomy and the Guildhall are inseparably associated.—One of the most curious of these is the passing of the Loving Cup, which takes place at all the guild dinners as well as at the banquets of the Corporation. The Cup is a two-handled one with a lid. Whilst one guest is holding the lid, the next sips the spiced wine; a third, on the other side of the drinker, stands up. Then the brim having been wiped with a clean napkin, the Cup is passed to the guest holding the lid. He drinks in his turn, whilst his neighbor takes charge of the lid. In this way the Cup makes the round of the table. This custom dates from Anglo-Saxon times. The holding of the lid was not then merely an act of courtesy, for the guest who

held it was thus prevented from drawing his dagger and stabbing the drinker—a playful after-dinner practice not uncommon in those times. Meanwhile the guest who was standing guarded the drinker from an assault from behind.

The office of Lord Mayor is itself hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet and black for various occasions, and a train bearer. The Lady Mayoress is attended by maids of honor; her train is borne by pages in costume. In the city his lordship takes precedence immediately after the Sovereign. When her Majesty visits the City, the Lord Mayor meets her at Temple Bar and hands to her the Sword of State, which she returns to him. This quaint feudal ceremony was strictly observed at the jubilee of 1897.

His lordship, by the way, has the choice of four swords: the sword of State for supreme occasions; the Pearl sword for ceremonial functions; and the Black sword, borne on the death of a member of the Royal Family, and when attending funeral services. The fourth sword is hung above the Lord Mayor's chair at the Central Criminal Court. Sword-rests may still be seen in nearly all the City churches. Sad to say, late in the last century, as the Lord Mayor with his retinue was returning from a state visit to Kew, he was stopped and robbed by a single highwayman. And the sword-bearer—who ought clearly to have hewed the villain down—stood by and saw it done!

There are other emblems of office; the diamond scepter, the seal, the purse, the mace. They play an important part at the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor-elect. The City Chamberlain, with three obelances, presents the scepter to the retiring Lord Mayor. He in his turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him.

The Chamberlain retires, with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and three reverences more! The purse is similarly presented. Further genuflections follow from the sword-bearer, who renders up the sword; the mace-bearer also resigns the mace. The ex-Lord Mayor then surrenders his key of the coffer in which the seal is kept. There are three keys; of the other two one is held by the Chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the Lands Committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced.

Though this complex ceremonial may seem sadly belated, it has great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority, in ancient times, of the chief magistrate of the City. The scepter, sword and mace are emblems of royalty. The Lord Mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as by name. He is still, by virtue of his office, Admiral of the Port of London—a delightfully Gilbertian appointment—gauger of wine and oil, and other gaugable articles; meter of coals, grain, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese, and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say these duties are performed by deputy. He is, to mention but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals, a trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of Admiral of the Port, is that of Coroner. Here, again, the function is only nominally his. No troops may pass through the city without the Lord Mayor's consent. The password of the Tower is sent to him; he is entitled to enter at any hour, day or night.

The Company of Fishmongers, to whom the inspection of the fish supply is delegated, employ certain officers called "fish meters." Many tons of fish are monthly condemned at Billingsgate by them. The company also under-

takes the prosecution of persons found taking fish out of season or below the prescribed size. The punishment inflicted at the Mansion House upon the dishonest tradesman is the same as elsewhere, fine or imprisonment. Formerly the seller of bad wine was compelled to pledge a bumper in it, while the rest was poured over him as he stood in the pillory. The butcher, the baker and candlestick-maker met with punishment similarly designed to fit the crime.

The annual watermen's race for Doggett's Coat and Badge is also controlled by the Fishmongers. It was instituted by Thomas Doggett, a comedian of "Old Drury," to commemorate the accession of George I. The course is from London Bridge to Chelsea. The Coat is of fine scarlet cloth, and the Badge worn on the arm is of silver.

The royal parks still pay their annual tribute of venison to the City. This, it is said, is rendered in commutation of the former right of the citizens to hunt the royal forests. When Edward IV. was king, the citizens went a-hunting with him. "They say," says the chronicler, "course after course, and many a dere, both rede and fallow, was slayne before them." The king having feasted them with "many deyntie dyshes, and dyverse wynes good plentye," sent them away with a supply of venison for home consumption. More, this bountiful monarch, in the month of August following, sent "unto the Mayoresse and her systers, aldermannes wyfes, two hartes and six bukkys with a tonne of wyne (!) to drink with the sayde venyson."

The Crown seems in recent times to have behaved somewhat scurvily in this matter. It has not only reduced the amount of venison, but exacts as well a fee of twenty-six shillings for each animal, and reserves the head and skin for itself.

At St. Catherine's Cree in Leadenhall

Street, by the way, there is an annual sermon which celebrates the chase. In this case a certain Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor under Charles I., was the hunted and a lion the hunter. The lion came up close to him, "and regarded him," but did him no hurt. Sir John founded the sermon out of gratitude for his providential escape. This is known as the "Lion Sermon."

At Christ's Hospital some curious customs are still observed. Easter Tuesday is a gala day with the boys. On that day they pass in procession before the Lord Mayor, who presents each one with a plum bun and a piece of gold or silver, fresh from the Mint, according to the scholar's rank: the Grecian, a bright sovereign; the monitor, half a crown; the mere ordinary boy, a shilling. The costume of the boys dates from the time of Edward VI. The visit, not long ago, of one of them to Paris produced a sensation. He is said to have been mistaken for a new kind of pilgrim!

The City, by the way, has certain privileges in respect to the Mint. A Treasury warrant is issued every year for the testing, at Goldsmiths' Hall, of the coinage. This is known as the "Trial of the Pyx." So many of the officials of the Mint are chosen, so many of the Goldsmiths' Company. A jury is empanelled, and the members retire to the laboratory to do the weighing and the testing. A certificate is issued to the Deputy Master of the Mint, attesting that the gold and silver coinage is fine and true. The verdict has been a favorable one for more than two centuries.

The distribution of livery cloth is another curious survival. Four and a half yards of the best black cloth are by the Court of Aldermen sent every year to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Home Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the Attorney-General, to three

officers of her Majesty's Household, and to three of the City officials. The Town Clerk receives six of green and six of black cloth, and the principal clerk at the Guildhall four yards of each.

The Worshipful Company of Fruiterers, by ancient custom, annually present to the Lord Mayor fruits of various kinds, of the finest description that can be procured. In June the Masters and Wardens of the Fruiterers' Company, attended by their Clerk, wait upon his lordship to learn his pleasure as to receiving the fruit. On the day fixed, usually in September or October, the fruit is brought and displayed on a long table in the drawing-room. The Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and family enter the room, and the Master of the Company, addressing his lordship, makes the presentation. The Lord Mayor entertains the Company at dinner immediately after the presentation. The Master of the Company takes precedence of all other guests.

"Beating the bounds" in Rogation Week is not peculiar to the City of London, but it is accompanied by ceremonial scarcely to be seen elsewhere. The church beadle, staff in one hand, a bunch of flowers in the other, with the ward beadle in his gold-laced gown, head the procession. The boys follow, sometimes decorated with rosettes, carrying willow wands. The parish officials come next. Each time a boundary mark is beaten the boys huzza. The "beating of the bounds" of St. Katherine Coleman includes a visit to Fenchurch Street Station. Some of the marks can only be reached from the line, and the traffic is delayed until the ceremony has been performed. The business of the day done, the boys are treated to ginger beer and buns, and given a new three-penny bit each.

"Beating the bounds" seems formerly to have implied beating the boys as well. The children of the parish had

the boundaries painfully impressed upon them by a drubbing from the beadle, administered as they came to the marks. It was, too, considered the thing, when a stream cut the boundary line, to throw in a boy or two. All this gave an infinite zest to the proceedings, especially for the boys. The officials were very zealous in the performance of this ancient custom. In one instance a nobleman's carriage stood across the boundary line; the coachman declined to move out of the way, whereupon "the churchwardens and other substantial men" of St. George's opened the door and marched through the carriage followed by a motley train of "sweeps, urchins and scavengers." Thus was pride humbled to a fall. Parochialism and patriotism may, as it seems, have points in common. The oldest boundary mark in the City is dated 1615. It is fixed down low in the outer wall of Copthall Buildings, Coleman Street, in the parish of St. Stephen's.

"Beating the bounds" is common to most of the City parishes, but "Reading for Bibles" is peculiar to the parish of St. Sepulchre. Copies of the Bible are presented to children over the age of twelve who can read a few verses in an intelligent manner. The Bibles, finely bound in leather, bear on the back the name of Sir John Fenner, who, early in the seventeenth century, endowed the gift.

The Lord Mayor's Show is annually a theme for the newspapers. Very little can be said about it that has not been said again and again. It costs about £2,000, the banquet from £2,000 to £3,000. The Show has sunk during the present century to borrowing some of its splendors from the "property man." Thereby hangs a tale. A certain Lord Mayor hired from the Surrey Theater two suits of armor, brass and steel, with a couple of supers to go inside them. The manager of the Surrey stipulated, by the way, that the steel

armor should not be used if the day were a wet or a foggy one. After the show the men in armor were taken to the Guildhall, remaining there several hours without food. No one, it appears, was able to rid them of their ironmongery. Wine was given them, and the man of brass became intoxicated. The bystanders, thinking if he fell about that he might injure others as well as himself, tried to eject him, but he showed fight, and, to add to their further dismay, his companion-in-arms joined him. They were overcome at last only by sheer weight of numbers. Then the maker of the armor was sent for. He eventually succeeded in freeing the men, who were in danger of being stifled by the weight of their equipment.

Formerly the citizens themselves played an important part in these shows. When Henry III. and his Consort passed through the City to Westminster he was accompanied by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and three hundred and sixty citizens dressed in robes of embroidered silk, each one carrying in his hand a cup of gold or silver. This was in token of the Lord Mayor's privilege at the Coronation to act as the King's Chief Butler. At the death of the Sovereign, by the way, the Lord Mayor takes his seat at the Privy Council, and signs the proclamation of the succession to the throne. He is also entitled to be informed of the birth or death of a member of the Royal Family, and such announcements are still posted, according to ancient custom, upon the walls of the Mansion House.

The Lord Mayor's State Coach is, as every one knows, a conspicuous rea-

ture of the Show of to-day. It was made in the middle of the last century, and was painted by Cipriani, a distinguished artist of the time. It cost more than £1,000, and every year a considerable sum—£200 or £300—is spent in keeping it in repair.

Plough Monday is still kept up at the Guildhall, but it has lost the greater part of its meaning and importance. The ploughman formerly celebrated on this day—the first Monday after Twelfth day—the resumption of work after the Christmas holidays. In the days when he could be found following his furrow at St. Martin's and St. Giles in the fields, or in the villages of Clerkenwell and Shoreditch, the wardmote at the Guildhall may have had some agricultural significance. The business of the court is now limited to the receipt of the returns of the elections held on St. Thomas's Day, and the administration of the oath to the City Marshal, the beadles, and other officials. Formerly the wardmote received complaints of all kinds, of false weights, adulteration, exorbitant prices, disorderly alehouses, and so forth. Its jurisdiction has in some matters been abrogated by Acts of Parliament; in others it has merely fallen into abeyance. Existing ecclesiastical controversies give passing interest to the fact that information as to the hearing of the Mass was formerly laid before this court.

Finally, within the City boundary the curfew bell may still be heard. The curfew of the Charterhouse each night rings out "the knell of parting day"—in the winter at eight, in the summer at nine; one stroke for each surviving Brother.

Amias Clifford.

CONCERNING CATALOGUES.

At a time when too much is done for the inassiduous, roving reader; when the tendency is entirely towards frangible, even friable, reading matter; one hesitates to commend to those that love literature the merits of catalogues. And yet a catalogue—a thing that costs nothing, a thing rescued possibly from the waste-paper basket—may be more stimulative of pleasant thought and fancy, may launch the mind on longer and more eventful voyages across the sea of memory, than can many an expensive and well-bound book. The catalogue itself is nothing; its strength is in its profusion of potentialities, of words that stand for facts. One is continually reminded. Reminded of what? Of a thousand things.

Keats has told us what fancy can do (provided you have it) to alleviate a winter night:

She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost.

But if you have it not—if your own unaided resources are powerless in drear December to re-create the pomps of June—there is a sure passport to those joys. A catalogue of roses. The tender poetry, the rich extravagance, the warm enthusiasm of a rose-grower's list cannot miscarry. Wherever the eye alights it is gladdened. At the head of all—Abel Carrière: "Dark velvety crimson, with fiery red center, perfect form, handsome foliage." A line or so lower—Alfred Colomb: "Brilliant, light scarlet crimson, large, full and globular, a magnificent rose of superb shape, very fragrant." Ah, those Frenchmen! How is Monsieur Boncenne described? "Dark velvety crimson, superb, one of the best dark roses." Could anything be better? we ask ourselves, and come

forthwith upon the Baron de Bonstetten: "Velvety, blackish crimson; an improved Monsieur Boncenne!" Thus the rose-grower lures one on; next year there will be an improved Baron de Bonstetten.

What must one do for one's own name to be whispered to the coming ages by the breath of a rose? In imperial action, to conquer the Soudan would seem to be not enough, for there is no bloom, free-flowering or rampant, velvety or superb, known as Lord Kitchener. There is, it is true, a Sir Herbert Kitchener chrysanthemum: "A very large Japanese, with very broad florets. Bright golden chestnut-bronze, with golden amber, reverse florets, long and drooping, forming a very deep and graceful flower. One of the grandest novelties of the season." But the rose, the rose! How does one commend one's name to the grower of roses? One apparently need not be a professed lover of the flower, for Charles Lamb, who cared little for the garden, has the honor; and so has Socrates, who preferred hemlock. The Charles Lamb is a "soft cherry rose, very bright;" which sounds far more like Leigh Hunt. Socrates is "coppery bronze shaded with pink." Among other literary roses one finds Lord Macaulay, "Variable, from scarlet crimson to rich plum;" Lord Bacon, "Deep crimson, shaded with velvety black, blooming abundantly;" Charles Darwin, "A rich brownish crimson, perfectly reflexed and imbricated;" John Stuart Mill (a rose may bear any name), "A bright, clear red, beautiful form." But the mystery of rose-christening is still thick. Why is there no Shakespeare, no Thackeray, and especially no Waller? Among the living the honor is given only to Royal-

ty, to Dean Hole (as is fitting), to statesmen, to warriors, and to enviable ladies. Authors are not recognized until they are dead. There is a Marquis of Salisbury, with a character that should rejoice the truly blue: "Rich crimson, constantly in flower, semi-double, a very beautiful variety." But the sweetest names are the French: "Souvenir de Malmaison," "Camille de Rohan," "Eugène Verdier," "Victor Verdier," "Gloire de Dijon," "Maréchal Niel," "Maurice Bernardin," "Depuy Jamain," "General Jacqueminot," "Flora Nabonnard," "Prosper Laugier," "La Boule d'Or." What poignant memories must such names bring to the English exile in arid wastes abroad, in the Australian "Never Never," or the brumal fastnesses of the Yukon!—

These will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost.

So also will the pages of a cricket-outfitter's list; but whereas the poetry of the rose list is lyric, that of Wisden's is epic. The post brought me, one morning last winter, "Wisden's Illustrated Catalogue for 1899," with its wonderful array of old, scarred, and honorable bats. They stand in eloquent pairs, two couples to the page; they are cracked and splintered, and pegged and bound; and on each is the short and simple testimony of some mighty cricketer. Cricketers who write letters do not waste words. "The best bat I ever used," is the laconic tribute paid by poor George Ulyett of Sheffield to a "Crawford's Patent Exceller." Six words only, but how tremendous their force! The best bat ever used by that genial giant now gone forever, the hero of a thousand matches, the darling of Yorkshire's three ridings and the terror of every other county! Turning on, you come upon a bruised and buffeted relic with several black bands. "This old bat," says the lu-

scription, "has done wonderful service; I played with it both with Lord Sheffield's and Mr. Stoddart's teams, and three summers at home. It was the best bat I ever played with. In first-class cricket alone more than 3,500 runs must have been made from it." And now it lies idle, resting until the day of dissolution. The writer of these words is "Johnny" Briggs. Turning on again, Brown's "grave-digger" is before you—the bat with which Brown of Driffield made his 140 for Mr. Stoddart's Australian team in 1895. "Brown often has a look at it when in London," says the catalogue. Had it been mine (and my runs) it should never have left my possession. But cricketers are more generous than ordinary persons.

To certain temperaments a mere list of roses would, in default of the flowers themselves, be more satisfying than a description of those flowers from the pen of the richest writer—the pen of, say, Dean Farrar. The catalogue, so to speak, touches the button, and yourself does the rest. Sometimes a catalogue transcends the event. Compare with the noise and unrest of the auction-room the quiet pencilling of a book-sale inventory secure in an arm-chair. Again the compiler of catalogues (such is human optimism) is rarely a realist; he prefers to overlook blemishes and fractures, stains and incompletenesses. Thus to the arm-chaired student of the list every book is fair and uncropped, whereas the purchaser may have many imperfections beneath his faltering eye. Similarly there are programs which are more alluring than the performances to which they point. Many persons on a return visit to Barnum's must have found the welter of superlatives in Olympia's astounding official pamphlet a good substitute for feats which familiarity had rendered unexciting. The gentleman, for instance, who curled himself in a metal ball and rolled himself to the

summit of a spiral staircase could surprise but once, whereas the adjectives employed to describe his achievement surprised continually. There are many stories more notable in their chapter headings than in themselves—Ainsworth's, for example. I never tire of reading those full-bodied promises. "How Queen Mary visited the Lion's Tower; how Magog gave his dame a lesson; and how Xit conquered a monkey and was worsted by a bear;" "How the Princess Elizabeth was confronted by Sir Thomas Wyatt in the torture chamber"—these are ever interesting; but the text of "The Tower of London" I have, I feel sure, done with forever.

A like pleasure may come from the table of contents in a collection of poetry, but particularly from an index of first lines. I remember once picking up the publisher's circular of one of Mr. Bullen's volumes, "Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," and being almost as much fascinated by the index of first lines which it contained as afterwards by the poems in their entirety. Indeed, in several cases the first line is more satisfying than the complete lyric, for the Elizabethans had a special genius for beginnings. In the first line the great poet and little poet may meet on common ground; it is only in the sequel that they are distinguished, and you learn which has the finer note, which the true staying power. On the threshold there is equality. "There is a garden in her face;" "A little, pretty, bonnie lass was walking;" "Come, sorrow, come, sit down and mourn with me;" "Lie down, poor heart, and die awhile for grief;" "My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love;" "The cypress curtain of the night is spread;" "Arise, my thoughts, and mount you with the sun;" "Care for thy soul as thing of greatest price"—these are a few of the circular's first lines. The book, of course, leaves the circular far behind,

yet I find I have been treasuring its few pages for six years.

To a mind at all active or curious an odd number of Dr. Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" can be very absorbing. For solace less academical there is an artless and unexact paper which can impart more delight than anything produced by the deliberate fusion of Fleet Street intellects. This is the sturdy little catalogue of wants and redundancies called "The Bazaar"—or, rather, "The Exchange and Mart," for "The Bazaar" is the paper proper, which is little; while "The Exchange and Mart" is its advertisement supplement, which is everything. Like a flourishing rose on an insignificant manetti stock, the supplement puts forth the blossoms, while the parent unobtrusively avoids the eye. These blossoms have a variety of which one cannot tire. Advertisers from every part of the United Kingdom meet there to accommodate each other. Magic-lanterns are offered there for guinea-pigs, bicycles as good as new for sitting-hens, complete sets of the "Penny Encyclopædia" for double-barrelled guns, old Broadwoods for young spaniels. One need require nothing oneself to find the prettiest amusements in the desiderata of others. One reads and reads, and knows neither fatigue nor satiety; section gives way to section, and the miles are eaten up until the haven is reached, and the real life takes the place of the half-life of the train. Taken seriatim "The Exchange and the Mart" will last you from St. Pancras to York, from Exeter to Paddington, from Chatham to Ludgate Hill. It is the best railway reading. I can delight in it when I cannot read the "Rock."

Kindred pleasure may be extracted from the illustrated advertisements of houses in the paper called *Country Life*. It is nothing that one's own *lares* and *penates* are permanently set-

tled in a London street; that need not diminish fascinated interest in eligible manor-houses in Surrey or unique moated granges in Kent. You can still choose or reject—the unassailable privilege of the reader of catalogues. "Too damp" is one; "Too overgrown," another; and "I don't much care for that gable," you say of a third. And then comes the ideal. "What is the agent's address? Oh, well, perhaps it does not matter. . . ." An author must be successful, indeed, if his local color can so bring the country before one as these three or four pages of photographs can.

Private enterprise has provided "The Exchange and the Mart" with at least one worthy companion. In one respect, at any rate, it is better; for "The Exchange and the Mart" is without personal character, whereas "The Amateur Trader," the periodical catalogue of curiosities which Miss Millard of Teddington prepares for her clients, is a work of abounding individuality. "With sweet variety your taste I'll please," is Miss Millard's motto and achievement. The copy of "The Amateur Trader" which I quote from has, by way of copy preface, some of the compliments which have been paid to its strenuous editor. "A Viennese gentleman says: 'Your brilliant talents;'" "A New York collector says: 'There is a snap and earnestness about your communication and catalogue—not a usual characteristic;'" "A Lancashire lady says: 'Your letters are delightful reading—marvels of style, diction, easy grace, and, may I add? erudition.'" A catalogue thus graced at the portal would fail indeed were it unentertaining. Miss Millard has something of everything, and snap and earnestness, as the New York gentleman said, behind all. More, she has poetry, as we see in this entry:—

SAMPLERS. A small lot of pretty specimens of late last, and early this

century, of more or less quaint designs, the work of several childish fingers. In handling these samplers one must confess to a tender and pathetic feeling in having the poet's words vividly brought to mind:—

Long laid to rest the patient hands
That played with formal tints;
And faded are the silken strands,
As sad and fallow chintz.

Prices vary from half a guinea to a guinea.

and in this:—

BLUE Worcester China bead bracelet and pair of aigrettes, possible date 1760—so, judging by the mountings, and judging by the color—"heavenly blue," denoting "constancy," could they not have been ordered by a lovesick swain of the period as an injunctive present to his lady-love to beware of inconstancy? This is the story they conjure up to the writer of this, who vividly sees back to it all. Let the mere *Philistine* gainsay it! 4l. 4s.

The transition from dreamy fancy to bald commerce is as abrupt as a cab accident; but who would resent it? Again:—

NAPOLEONIC. When you seriously commence to build up a collection I will be ready greatly to enrich it. The very continuous romance of the life of this delightfully human and grandly historical "Soldier of Fortune," with his dignity and his frailties, his magnanimity and his petty meannesses, his intrepid bravery and his contemptible cowardice, is alone so complete with fascination that I never can understand why this distinctly characterized mortal is, so to speak, passed over coldly, whilst so many insipid characters are gushed about ridiculously, in a comparative sense.

Miss Millard when she has amassed the fortune that must inevitably be the reward of her energy, should take to literature. The ball is at her feet.

Another catalogue which has the stamp of personality is Mr. Bertram

Dobell's. Mr. Dobell enriches the concluding pages of his list of second-hand books with passages from his reading and tender little poems of his own composing, even translations from Heine and three-lined prettinesses in a Japanese measure called the *Halkal*. But catalogues, to be on occasion the best possible reading, do not actually need such embellishment. A book catalogue indeed is self-sufficient.

Of the delectation which accompanies the leisurely examination, pencil in hand, of a second-hand bookseller's list something has just been said. In the recesses of an armchair one can become the owner of first folios without even the exertion of nodding. By a stroke of the plumbago whatever is most desirable on Mr. Quaritch's shelves becomes (in fancy) your own, and America, to the joy of Mr. Sidney Lee, has, in the street idiom, never a "look in." "Gerard's Herball, 2l.?" "Yes, I may as well have that;" and the proprietary cross springs into being on the margin. "Dame Juliana Berners' Boke of

St. Alban's?" "And I will have that too"—another cross. "John Florio's Montaigne, quarto." "Ah! at last!" And so one goes on. What it is like actually to buy from Mr. Quaritch's list I have no notion. Such purchases as I have made of him were carried through one-sidedly, in a not strictly commercial manner, for the library of a castle on the other side of the Pyrenees; hence I can speak only as a poor man. A poor man with a book catalogue is a feasting Barmecide, yet without his haste to despatch the meal. Or, rather, he is as one who through the panes of a sealed window watches without envy a procession of those dishes of which he may not partake. Without envy. For, if covetousness at all worthy the name takes part in his feelings, he can never know the enjoyment of catalogues to the full. A mild, well-ordered inclination may be his to add sauce to the perusal, but nothing more; he must be utterly without rancor that others are richer than he.

E. V. Lucas.

Cornhill Magazine.

PIONEER NATURALISTS.

News of the death of Mr. John Whitehead, the eminent field-naturalist and collector, comes from the island of Hainan, off the Southern Coast of China. He had gone to the Far East with the intention of completing the exploration of the fauna of the Philippine Islands, but as the insurrection was still in its acute stage, he made his way to Hainan. There he and all his collectors fell sick of the deadly fevers rife in the island. "I fear," he wrote in his last letter, "that I shall have to flee from this terrible and most unhealthy spot;" but it was too late for flight. The Chinese soldier who brought the letter to the coast was the only one of the entire party who

escaped the sickness, and the leader died on June 2nd.

Mr. Whitehead was a representative of a class to which scientific natural history owes a debt, and whose life and adventures are often among the most attractive of all records of exploration. The business of the naturalist-collector is to acquire and bring back to the museums of Europe new or rare instances of animal life. The range of his activity is only bounded by the extent of his knowledge, unless, as in the case of Mr. Whitehead, he prefers to limit his efforts to some special branch of inquiry.

Mr. Wallace's first expeditions to the Far East were made with the object of

collecting, and the history of his travels embodied in the "The Malay Archipelago," like the late C. Bate's "Naturalist on the Amazons," was only a brilliant summary of years of patient labor, during which tens of thousands of specimens were collected for the use of the museums of England. The risks run in this pursuit are far greater than those of ordinary travellers for travel's sake or by sportsmen when in search of big game. The very nature of their quest leads them into regions unexplored and uninhabited on account of their remoteness or the dangers of the climate. Mr. Seeborn's discoveries among the birds of the tundra are among the few instances of modern additions to this branch of knowledge made without risk to life. Most of the regions in which the naturalist-collector now spends his time are in the area of the tropical forest, whether on continents or islands in either hemisphere; and in these lands of mystery and twilight, of high temperature and torrential rains, the natives themselves can scarcely endure the trials of the climate. Yet the collector cannot make flying visits. When he goes to a new district he goes to stay. He must form a camp and a permanent headquarters; must there prepare, pack, and despatch his specimens; write his notes on their appearance when first obtained, for the guidance of those at home; and label, index, and describe them, so that the scientific naturalist at home may find each item complete in itself. Examples of the care and ingenuity of the collectors are so common that they excite little surprise amongst those who receive the work at home. Those less conversant with the accurate methods of the modern naturalist will not be slow to appreciate his power of taking pains. Recently, for example, an expedition was made up the Congo, under the authority of the Congo Free

State, to explore and collect the fishes of that river. A very large number were taken, of strange shapes and strange colors, each being consigned as soon as possible to glass cases filled with spirits of wine, which were then sealed. Unfortunately the spirit which preserves the form of the fish, does not preserve their true colors. This needed the supplement of a painted picture done upon the spot. In the tropics decay sets in so rapidly that there is always a risk that some rare, perhaps irreplaceable, specimen might be injured if kept out of the spirit long enough to have its portrait painted. Consequently the collector of these fish did a "color-note" of the more striking parts of each, grouping many of these notes on the same sheet of paper, and as the eyes of many are not round, but irregular in shape, the eye of every fish and frog was painted accurately beside the rough sketch or color-note, of its proper shape and tint.

Unlike the author of "The Malay Archipelago," whose discoveries ranged from the capture of the "largest, the most perfect, and the most beautiful of all butterflies" to the anthropoid apes, Mr. Whitehead confined himself to the study of birds. In the woods his genius for outdoor observation was equalled by his skill in managing the natives whom he employed. His eye was so keen that no new species ever seemed to escape it, and his patience such that he could "outwait" even the sulky children of the woods. If they sat down and refused to move, he sat down by their side and waited till they changed their minds. In the Philippines he worked for months in forests under perpetual rain, at a height of 5,000 feet. Yet the specimens he brought home were as perfectly preserved as if he had been at work in the rooms of the British Museum. Not the least of the trials of the pioneer naturalist is that he is, as a rule, alone.

The collector's life outside the beaten track of travel is one long series of experiments and minor adventures. Each day's work, each new expedition from the temporary camp, comes from the initiative of the man himself, as inclination or reflection suggests. Two are too many for such conditions. You cannot defer to a friend as to whether to go to the top of a mountain or only half-way. Mr. Whitehead always made his expeditions alone, from the first humble beginning, when in Corsica he discovered a new nuthatch and added it to the list of European birds, to the final journey to Hainan. He visited Borneo, climbed the great mountain of Kina Balu, and brought back forty-one new species of birds from that region. He also explored the birds of the island of Palawan, where he found more new species. But his most interesting work was in the Upper Philippines. In this expedition he made the most striking ornithological discovery of recent times—the great forest eagle of Samar. The only skin of an adult bird of this species is that sent home by him, which is now among the treasures of the British Museum of Natural History. It is far too precious for exhibition, but its portraits and dimensions are given in the *Ibis* in a paper by Mr. Ogilvie Grant. Its combined weapons of beak and claw are more formidable than those of every other bird, and its weight about one-half greater than that of the golden eagle. Like all forest birds it has short wings, but the length of the body is no less remarkable than its weight. Some of the most interesting of the smaller Philippine birds collected by Mr. Whitehead are shown, together with their nests, in the cases in the bird gallery at the Museum, among them being a series of sun-birds, diminutive creatures with the colors of humming-birds, but of more prosaic shape. That called after its discoverer has a black head, with purple iridescence, a

black back, and a crimson belly; others are scarlet, purple, black and yellow.

But the nests of these little birds, which Mr. Whitehead obtained and sent over to this country in perfect condition, together with the leaves to which they were attached, are more interesting than the birds themselves. Many of them are of shapes and materials quite unlike any seen elsewhere, and absolutely different from any of the "stock designs" of nests made by European birds. Some of the "flower-peckers'" nests are shaped like a flat purse or alms-bag. The entrance to this is not on either side, but in the end, in which is a slit through which the little bird creeps into the flat-sided bag. This is suspended from a branch, or from the inside of a large drooping tropical leaf, which completely hides the nest from in front. The most beautiful is that of the blood-breasted flower-pecker, which, like others, hangs from a large fleshy leaf. It looks as if made up from small, square fragments of dead rose petals (though this is not the real material), the color being that of "old rose." How the material is fastened together is not obvious, but apparently by weaving over it single threads of spiders' silk. The inducement to undertake these expeditions is usually pure love of discovery and, in a minor degree, the taste for "collecting." The time must be approaching when there will be no more unknown birds or beasts to discover. Then the explorer will perforce fall back on the less exciting search for new insects, or new plants and flowers. The botanists and florists have still a field before them, and a new orchid is a valuable discovery, and a new dye or fiber plant potential wealth. If the green indigo, reputed to be found in some country in the Far East, were found, its discoverer's fortune would be made; and a real rival to indiarubber, or a substitute for Manila hemp, would enrich a whole community.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TRIED BY THE STAR CHAMBER.*

His lordship would have left the room, but Ralph stepped before him.

"Tell me," he gasped, "for God's sake."

They looked into one another's eyes, down into one another's soul, and read what was written there. Charlton yielded.

"Well, then, I am godson, you may know, to the Archbishop of Canterbury; the worst he has, but no matter. I gave some money the other day for one of his favorite churches, and this so pleased His Grace that he writ an acknowledgement with his own hand. This came to-day, and in it are these words."

Lord Charlton drew a letter from his pocket and read aloud from it:—

"I am weary after many hours of labor, but it was the work of the Lord. A Socinian book, the most damnable I have yet seen, full of infinite blasphemy and vilest heresy, hath been written by one John Dangerfield. This wretch was tried to-day by the Star Chamber, and a severe and most righteous sentence delivered upon him."

"There," Charlton said, without looking up, "that is all I know. What make you of it?"

Ralph laughed a hard, bitter laugh.

"I was wrong, you right. There is some unknown namesake. My father

deny the Godhead of Christ! Even the Star Chamber, which they do say will swear that white is black, could not make that good. Taunton's letter means a sudden sickness. Father was never strong. You have my thanks. Now for the horse."

It is fifty miles from Cambridge to London as the crow flies, sixty by road, and the roads of those days were bad; but Ralph was a superb rider, and upon a beast that would go at its best without whip or spur until it dropped from exhaustion. He left Cambridge at nine o'clock; by five the next morning he was clattering over the ill-paved thoroughfares of Westminster. Dr. Taunton lived near the Abbey in a red-brick Elizabethan house, shut in from the clang of the busy world by a large garden and high walls. A groom was waiting to take Ralph's horse, and a maidservant, evidently on the lookout, ushered him at once into the doctor's surgery, and said that her master would be with him in a few minutes.

A somber room, malodorous with the fumes of stale chemicals, close from want of air. It was panelled from floor to ceiling with black oak, and there being but one small window, seemed dark as a tomb to those coming in from the daylight. The window, however, faced east, and to-day a fugitive ray of sun had struck a shaft of light through the diamond panes upon a niche in the opposite wall, where stood an ebony crucifix, the Christ of

* From *Cromwell's Own*. By Arthur Paterson. Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

marble carved by a master hand. To Ralph, in the overstrung state of his nerves, a horrible realism seemed to cling to this figure. The sunlight warmed the cold marble into a likeness of human flesh; he could have imagined he saw it move. The face was turned toward him, calm, yet terrible in its expression of divine patience under mortal agony. He turned away with a shudder, and strode to the window; but he could feel the face behind him still. Was it an omen? He had laughed at Charlton's news, but it had been with his lips, not with his heart. No man could tell at that time whom the Star Chamber might seize for its next victim. The power of the bishops, so soon to sink to nothingness, was at its height. Spies of the most infamous kind abounded, ready to catch at any straw of worthless evidence to earn reward and countenance from the archbishop. And Laud, though himself anxious to be just—a better man than his enemies knew—was credulous and cruel where heresy was whispered in his ear.

"Merciful God!" Ralph exclaimed aloud, "if it were true—but it cannot be."

A hand touched his, a bony, chilly hand. He started violently, and turned to find the doctor at his elbow.

"Oh, is it you, sir?" he began apologetically. "I did not hear your step—" but the doctor cut him short.

"You rode fast. I expected you later. Nay, no words now—no questions—until your breakfast comes. It will be ready soon."

He sat down and made Ralph do the same, then crossing one leg over the other, and clasping his hands over that, peered at him like an inquisitive bird. Dr. Sydney Taunton was not unlike a bird. He was a little, shrivelled old man, with a withered, wrinkled face. His head was round and perfectly bald, set like an apple between narrow, high

shoulders; his nose was long and pointed; his lips thin and drawn inwards, for he had no teeth; his chin was pointed, too, and nearly as prominent as his nose. It was a keen, clever face, but not an amiable one. He had black eyes, very round and bright—quick, vigilant eyes that saw much and told nothing. At this moment they were devouring Ralph from spurs to love-locks; but the doctor did not speak, and only waved his hand impatiently when Ralph tried to do so—a most irritating man. At last the maid arrived with a breakfast of meat and wheat cakes steaming hot and a tankard of ale.

"Eat," the doctor cried, darting from his chair and trotting to one of the many cabinets filled with bottles. "Here, drink this first. Drink, I say," and he handed Ralph a glass of cognac.

Ralph drank it at a draught, then attacked his breakfast with determination. He was not hungry, but he knew his man. No one who refused Dr. Taunton's prescriptions ever gained anything by it.

"There, sir," he cried, laying down the empty tankard with relief. "Now for your news."

"What have you heard?" was all the doctor said.

"Nothing—concerning my father."

"Touching whom, then?"

"I was told yesternight that some one of our name was tried by the Star Chamber, but—"

"The Star Chamber!" interjected the doctor. "What of the Star Chamber?"

"They sentenced some Dangerfield for—for Socinianism. But what of it? 'Tis no concern of mine."

Dr. Taunton's head twitched and his eyelids quivered. He bent forward until his face was within a foot of Ralph's, and whispered:—

"Why, lad, why? Who told you it was no concern of yours?"

Ralph's heart seemed as though it

would burst. He would have given worlds to cry out, but the doctor's eyes were upon him, and he felt as if he were under a spell. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and he could not say a word for a minute. At last he muttered hoarsely:—

"Speak not in riddles; tell me the worst. What! God have mercy! That man is my father!"

Taunton nodded, and again there was silence. When Ralph broke it his voice was steady but very cold.

"The punishment—what is it to be?"

"A heavy fine—five thousand pounds."

"What else?"

"The pillory."

"What else?"

Taunton's lips closed like a trap.

"No more, I understand."

Ralph observed him a moment.

"That is not true. What else?"

"Mutilation."

"And—what else?"

The words were hissed now from between his teeth.

"Naught; I swear it before God."

Another silence, then Ralph slowly and deliberately drew his sword.

"Doctor, you are my oldest friend, the dearest my father hath. You are a Catholic, but you are a Christian. Listen then to me. I swear to you on my sword by God the Father, God the

Son, and God the Holy Ghost, that I will take no more pleasures in this world, but will labor, heart and soul and hand, to compass the undoing of that damned tribunal; aye, from the meanest member of it to the king himself. I swear it by all I hold sacred in the world—so help me God."

He sheathed his sword at the last words, sat down quietly, and for a space there was no sound but the breathing of two men.

Presently Ralph looked up.

"When was it?"

"This morning at rise of sun."

"Then it is not ended yet." Ralph sprang to his feet. Taunton went swiftly before him to the door, locked it, and thrust the key in his doublet.

"Hold, son. Thou must not leave this room."

"Must not—must not go to my father! God's life, sir, let me pass! Out with that key or I will burst the door!"

The doctor peered at him, groaned, then slowly opened it.

"Wait till I get my cloak," was all he said, bustling into the hall.

Ralph stared, and the doctor chuckled grimly as he took his arm.

"Sooth, my young friend, I'd not trust thee alone in Palace Yard this day with that sword; no, not for a king's ransom. We go together; come."

MODERN INDUSTRIAL JAPAN.*

In the solution of the modern industrial problem in the country, the feature that strikes one most forcibly is that, while in countries like Russia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Mexico, and the South American Re-

publics, to say nothing of China and India, in all of which the labor in the engineering and other "skilled" trades can often be satisfactorily drilled into shape from native material, the heads of departments and the active technical chiefs are very often foreigners—usually Englishmen, Americans, or Germans—in Japan this is not so.

* From *Japan in Transition*. By Stafford Ransome. Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$3.00.

Except in certain industrial concerns in the treaty-ports, owned by foreigners, there is hardly such a thing as an executive foreigner at the head of any Japanese factory or other administration.

A German or two will be found managing a brewery, and a few Scotchmen in ship-building yards, and so on; and that is all. You can visit arsenals and dock-yards, and nearly all the railway and engineering shops, and you will see no sign of a foreigner anywhere. You will be received in a foreign office by people who wear foreign clothes, with all the paraphernalia of foreign business around them. You will be talked to in English, as a rule, and you will be shown through works built on English lines, and filled with workmen dressed like English mechanics, working at English vices, or at machines with the names of English makers on them. But you are the only Englishman or European there, and you look around and ask yourself how it has all been done.

Your Japanese friend does not tell you of any foreign assistance, though you see the hand of the foreigner in it all. But where is he? And your thoughts instinctively revert back to the great educational establishments of Japan, more particularly to the scientific branches of the Imperial Tokio University, and to the small bevy of quiet, unassuming men who foregather at the little Tokio Club, the foreign advisers still left in the various branches of the Japanese service. Then it is you realize for the first time to its full extent, the colossal nature of the work carried out by these men, and by those who have gone; men who have given their best energies and the best part of their lives to bringing about the enlightened Japan of to-day; and you have reason to feel proud that many of them are countrymen of your own. For while the foreigner is no longer execu-

tive, and, in fact, in most cases has disappeared, the influence of the work he has carried out so thoroughly and so well is apparent throughout modern industrial Japan.

It would, of course, be better for the Japanese had they retained the foreigner rather longer as an active director in their factories, for signs are visible everywhere that, in many cases, they have not yet mastered all the practical details of the work they are carrying out. The Japanese have among them many capable engineers and technical men, but their thoroughly skilled labor, in many branches, is, and must be for years to come, very defective in quality and quantity; and at the present stage it is more the practical foreman who can personally instruct the common laborer, than the theoretical man, who is required.

The weak point in the Japanese industrial world, apart from the limited amount of skilled labor available, is to be found in the fact that the practical side of the training of the highly educated man has been more neglected than any other.

In England when a young man leaves his technical college we look on him as having only just gone through the first portion of his training as an engineer, electrician or architect, after which he is expected to face the practical drudgery of the workshops or the drawing-office, as the case may be. The Japanese have not yet grasped the fact that it is in no sense a degradation for the man who has paid for an education which has enabled him to master the theory to dirty his hands in acquiring the practice.

But until they understand this, the Japanese will never work their factories to the best advantage, as the heads of departments will never fully know their business. They will come to realize this fact later on, when the Tokio University has had time to turn out

a sufficient number of graduates to glut the professional market.

At the present time the demand is greater than the supply, and any one on leaving college can find himself in an excellent situation. But this state of things will not last very much longer.

Wonderful as has been the progress of the Japanese in manufacturing by modern means, the state of perfection at which they have arrived has often been grossly exaggerated. They have done much, very much more, than it was anticipated that they could possibly have accomplished in so short a time, but those alarmists who talk about the Japanese being able to oust us from the world's markets are speaking without their book, and without any knowledge of economics. Such people have usually based their argument on the assumption that Japanese wages are still so low that, when they have become as efficient as we are, they will make it impossible for us to compete with them.

This would be all very well, if there were a law in Japan that for the next fifty years wages were not to be raised above their present scale, but as no country could enforce such a law, and Japanese wages are going up by leaps and bounds, and in the natural course of things must continue to do so as time goes on, the argument does not hold good.

There is another item to be reckoned with in studying the economics of Japanese manufacturing, and that is that many of the materials employed in their modern industries are much more expensive to purchase there than in various other countries. Now, as the Japanese Government have fallen into the error of adopting a rising protective tariff on imported goods, the cost of materials stands a good chance of

being enhanced simultaneously with the price of labor.

Thus with regard to most of our industries, we may rest assured that we shall not be seriously threatened for many years to come; and we may, at least in our skilled trades, look on the Japanese industrial advance, not only with interest, but with comparative complacency as far as our own markets in other countries are concerned.

Among the modern industries worked on modern lines which the Japanese may be said to have mastered in a manner which would enable them to compete internationally, the following trades can be mentioned: coal-mining, cotton and other spinning, printing, type-founding, engraving, photography, instrument-making, boot, clothes, and match making, brewing, bread-making, and certain branches of electrical work.

I look on the Japanese, too, as being good railway engineers in many respects, though there is a great diversity of opinion on that point. As manufacturing engineers they are not yet by any means proficient on any large scale, and I do not think I am going too far in saying that there has never been made in Japan, as a commercial success, such a thing as a purely Japanese steam-engine.

It is true that they have made a few extremely good locomotives, and these are almost the most difficult type of engine to be made by engineers. I am told, too, that these engines came out advantageously with regard to cost price as compared with similar ones imported from abroad. But while the construction of such engines reflected the greatest credit on the Japanese, one must not forget that they were turned out under the direct supervision and from the detailed designs of an English locomotive superintendent.

"SWEETNESS."*

Wilda hung her supper kettles on the hooks of the crane, and made biscuits, and raked out coals to bake them in a Dutch oven. Alanson Bundle would not appear until the evening meal was over. He potted around in his woods or went across the ridge to look after cattle.

The log-house was exquisite with cleanness, even in that corner where the fowls roosted. No cobwebs or dust marred the rich brown of its upper depth. The floor and stone hearth were scoured white. Wilda's spinning-wheel stood beside one wall. Her own apartment was an oblong space curtained with homespun which had been dyed a dull red. Some red and gilt chairs, a pine table and a red and gilt cushioned settee on rockers, furnished the house. The log wall between hearth and door held gay trappings of tinware and pewter, all shining in the mighty blaze.

The table was spread, and a perfume of coffee filled the place. Wilda had turned the fried eggs and lifted them carefully to a platter before she heard the usual sounds her mother made to call her.

Sweetness was wide awake and smiling like a baby. The Rocky Fork people said she had her faculties but could make no use of them. Unabated intelligence looked through her eyes, and her face never distorted itself, although she could not talk.

"Have you been lonesome to-day, Sweetness? No? Have you slept much? Yes? That's good. Did Speckle and Banty sit on Bounce's back and keep you company? They've gone to roost now. They're going to wake up at midnight and crow for Christmas, and

wake you up—the bad chickens.—Now supper's ready. Folks round here thinks I starve you because you never eat in the middle of the day. 'Tain't no use for me to say anything. But if you don't want me to be clean disgraced, you must eat hearty when you do eat."

She fed the helpless being with long and patient use of a spoon. The fire roared. Bounce rose up and yawned, stretching his limbs, to hint that his own plate had been empty since morning. But Wilda never hurried this important part of her day's business. The food which she must eat became overdone. She sat on the trundle-bed, giving her mother with the spoon meat all the life and doings of that small world on the Rocky Fork.

"Gutteridges were going to have a turkey-roast to-morrow. The presiding elder was at their house. Yes, their sewing was done: she finished Mandy's black quilted petticoat to-day. Mandy and 'Lizabeth both had new shawls that their father had paid six dollars apiece for, at the woolen factory in Newark: stripes and crossbars. Ridenour's little boy was so he could sit up: the doctor thought the fever was broke. The Bankses were all going to take dinner at granny's. And some folks said one of Harris's girls was to be married to-morrow, but it might be all talk. There wasn't much chance of snow, but it was a cold night outside. Didn't Sweetness hear the wind across the roof? It was a good thing our clapboards were on so tight."

So this one-sided conversation went on until the little old woman was quite filled. Then Wilda made her snug, as if attending an infant, and fed Bounce, and sat down alone at the table.

Scarcely were the clean pewter and

* From *The Queen of the Swamp*. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Price, \$1.25.

crockery in place again, and the wheel set out where the table had been, and Wilda bundled ready to go out, when a knock sounded on the door.

* * * * *

That wary inspection of each other which people of that time called courting had varied its routine so little for twelve years betwixt this pair, that Alanson felt bound to make his usual remark as Wilda sat down to her knitting.

"Well, folks is still talking about us getting married, Wilda."

"Let them talk," said Wilda, putting her hair behind her ear, and smiling while she looked at Sweetness.

"I have come here pretty regular. Don't you think it's about time we set the day?"

Wilda answered, without moving her eyes from the trundle-bed, "Don't you think we better let well enough alone, Lanson?"

"Well, now, 'tisin't well enough," argued Alanson, and to the sylvan mind there is accumulated force in an oft-used argument. "You've got these wood lots and the house and a cow"—

"Yes, I'm well fixed," murmured Wilda.

"—But you have to leave your mother and go out among the neighbors to airm a living. How do you know sometime the house won't burn down?"

"I am jub'ous about it often," owned Wilda, biting the end of a knitting-needle. But catching the yarn over her little finger she drove it ahead with her work.

"Then eventually she might die."

"I've thought of that," sighed Wilda. "And I've thought what'd become of her if I's to be taken and her left. Then who'd let her pet rooster and hen—that she's just as tickled with as a child—roost in the house, and clean after them without fretting her?"

Alanson glanced at Speckle and Banty sticking like balls to their perch, and

he volunteered some discreet possibilities.

"When folks begin to get used to such things before they're too old and sot in their ways, seems to me like chickens in the house would be natteral enough—though not brought up to it."

Whenever Alanson made this great concession, Wilda always fell back upon her observations of marriage.

"But there's Mary Jane Willey. She had fifteen hundred dollars in her own right, and was well fixed with bedding and goods—six chairs and a bread-trough and a cupboard. And all that didn't satisfy her, she must have a man to speckalate with her money and lose it; and now he's took to drinking, her and her children are like to go on the county."

Alanson set his fingers across his chest and set his thumbs to whirling.

"She ought to got a man like me," he observed humorously.

Then the topic was usually diverted into the lives of other Rocky Forkers until Alanson felt it was time to go home.

But to-night, after drawing out his silver watch by its steel log chain, he lingered uneasily instead of rising from the settee and saying "Well, I better be moseying towards home."

The flashing of Wilda's needles went on. She had a leather stall pinned to her waist, in which she brace'd and steadied the most rampant needle as he led the gallop around the stocking. Sweetness slept as a spirit may sleep who has escaped the bounds of care, her sunken little mouth and wrinkled eye- corners steadily smiling.

"Going to have any Christmas up here, to-morrow?" inquired Alanson, with a sheepish look at Wilda.

"I got a Christmas gift for her," replied Wilda fondly. Alanson understood the pronouns which always stood for mother.

"Well, now, it's funny," said he, "but I got something for her, too."

"Why, Lanson! Whatever put you up to do such a thing?" Wilda paused with her needle held back in mid plunge.

"Tisn't much," apologized Alanson, and he brought his wamus from the peg to the hearth. Wilda had noticed it was laden when she hung it up, but she always discreetly overlooked the apples he brought until he made his offering.

There were no apples in the wamus pockets this time. Alanson took out two packets, and opened one, which he laid on Wilda's knee. It was a pound of red hearts.

"The other's for her," he said, "and it's all white ones."

"Why, Lanson Bundle!" exclaimed Wilda.

But he had yet another paper, and it disclosed the yellow coats of tropical fruit.

"What's them?" breathed Wilda, bending over in admiration. "Why, Lanson Bundle! If them ain't lemons and oranges! Where in this world did you get them?"

"I sent clean to Fredericktown for them," confessed the suitor with an apologetic grin. "I thought her being bedfast so steady all the time, she'd like something out of the common."

"You are real clever," spoke Wilda with trembling voice. "She'll be so tickled! I been making her two fine caps with hemstitching around the border;—but this does beat all!"

"I done something else," Alanson ventured on, "that you'll think is simple;—I've never seen such a thing, but I've read about it. Coming along through the pines I took my jack-knife out and cut a little one off close to the ground: and it's laying outside the door."

"What for, Lanson?"

"A Christmas-tree."

"What's that?"

"Why, in a foreign place they call Germany, I've read they take an evergreen and make it stand like it grewed in the house, and hang gifts on it, and if I don't disremember, they fix candles into it and light them."

"I should think that would be pretty," said Wilda in some excitement. "Law, Lanson! If we could fix it at the foot of her trundle-bed!"

Alanson thought they could fix it, and he set vigorously about the task. He ran out to the ash-hopper and brought in the keg which in summer time caught the lye. The evergreen tree, beautifully straight, and tasselled at the top, he fastened in the keg ingeniously, without clamor of nails and pounding.

Then maid and bachelor trimmed the Christmas tree for their old sleeping child. A dexterous use of string hung all the hearts to the boughs, as well as oranges and lemons. One cap was put on the top tassel, and the other dropped from a branch by its ties. Wilda brought out her candle box and recklessly cut the moulded tallow into short tapers. This part of the decoration greatly taxed both Alanson and her, but they finally pinned all the tapers in place, and concluded to light the wicks at once for a trial illumination.

Alanson carried a brand from point to point. Wilda was frightened at the beauty of the thing, and their unusual occupation. Her eyes and cheeks were vivid. She had never been so wildly excited in her life before. Thought and resolution, which had battled for years, bounded forward with the bounding of her blood.

"Lanson Bundle!" she laughed, "what do you suppose folks would say if they peeked in and seen us at this."

"I 'low they'd want to have a Christmas tree themselves," responded the bachelor. "You and me will have one

next year at our own house, won't we, Wilda?"

"Well, I don't know but we will. I don't know as I can hold out much longer. You're a real good man, Lanson and if I've got to be married, there ain't nobody I'd have as quick as you."

At that admission Alanson laid the brand on the fire, wiped his lips carefully with a red cotton handkerchief, and came expectantly round the Christmas tree. But with the recoil of a middle-aged girl from dropping man a word of encouragement, Wilda flew behind the trundle-bed and kept her lover warned by an uplifted palm.

"I haven't made up my mind to no kissing yet, Lanson Bundle! I ain't used to kissing anybody but her."

Alanson looked at the little mother in the trundle-bed, and she opened her

eyes, disturbed by such scampering. The pet chickens were roused also, and Speckle crowed on his perch with a vigor which belongs only to the midnight of Christmas eve.

"Look there, Sweetness," Wilda whispered, kneeling. "Do you see what Lanson's fixed for you? That's a Christmas tree."

The mother's eyes caught the Christmas tree and snapped with astonishment and delight. The tapers were dripping tallow, but firelight shone through the boughs, and all the wonderful hearts and yellow fruit hung like a fairy picture. Her grateful look finally sought Alanson, and he also knelt down, at the opposite side of the trundle-bed, and with reverence which brought a rush of tears to Wilda's eyes, kissed Sweetness on the forehead.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of the "slum" story, "No. 5 John Street," is at work on a new volume.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for early publication a new volume of short stories by Selma Lagerlöf, author of "Gösta Berling." It will be called "Invisible Links."

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has a new volume in the press of Little, Brown & Co. The subject is, of course, Japan, but this time Mr. Hearn takes his readers into "Ghostly Japan."

M. Zola has work enough planned to keep him busy for some time. There is the social series, of which "Fécondité" is the initial volume, to complete; there is the long-promised book on the Dreyfus case; and according to M.

Vizetelly, M. Zola's "Boswell," a novel of English life is also contemplated.

The history of "Lobo," "Rag" and "Vixen," from Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," has been published in separate form for school use by Charles Scribner's Sons. This is a real enrichment of school literature.

The committee on the William Black Memorial Fund has decided to expend the money subscribed in the erection of a beacon light, to be known as the "William Black Beacon." It is probable that Duart Point, near the entrance to the Sound of Mull, will be the site chosen.

Mr. Ezra Hoyt Byington, who wrote interestingly and with a good deal of

original research some time ago on "The Puritan in England and New England," has supplemented that work with one on "The Puritan as a Colonist and Reformer," which Little, Brown & Co. are to publish.

Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen of Cambridge, who edited the fourth volume of the *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, on "Current Superstitions," has edited the seventh volume also, on "Animal and Plant Lore," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish shortly. Mrs. Bergen has made a life-long study of folk-lore, and has gathered her material from original sources, which greatly enhances the value of her volumes.

Miss Morley, who recently described and pictured "The Bee People" very delightfully for young people, has written a volume on the same subject, called "The Honey Makers," which is intended for adult readers. For this also she has furnished her own illustrations. A. C. McClurg & Co. are to publish it.

Three new volumes in the *American Statesmen* series: two new volumes of Mr. Fiske's American history, devoted to the Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America: a life of Horace Bushnell by Dr. Theodore T. Munger: new volumes of fiction by Mrs. Whitney, Miss Jewett, Mary Johnston, and Jeanie Gould Lincoln: and new volumes of verse by Miss Guiney, Lloyd Mifflin, and W. Wilfrid Campbell are among the autumn announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which include altogether about seventy titles.

In closing its notice of Dr. Hale's volume on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," *The Saturday Review* recalls the forgotten fact that as early as 1844 a collection of "Poems by

James Russell Lowell" was published in London, being a reprint of the Boston volume of that year. The English publisher, C. E. Mudie, recommended the verses in a prefatory note as the work of "a young American poet of great promise." This was Mr. Mudie's solitary publishing enterprise, and the book is now an exceedingly rare one.

The familiar name of Margaret Sutton Briscoe appears again upon the title page of a book of short stories, "The Sixth Sense and Other Stories," which the Harpers have just brought out. The longest and most striking of these is the first of the group, a close study of the development of the sympathetic and magnetic quality in a girl of apparently slow mental workings, and the plot, which dates back to the Civil War, is a peculiar one. But as unusual in its way, and more touching, is the sketch called, "Of Her Own Household," which magazine readers have found it hard to forget.

In his tribute to Miss Yonge, on the occasion of the presentation of the scholarship recently founded at Westminster School in Miss Yonge's honor, the Bishop of Westminster said he did not think that any one else could look back on sixty years of such unflagging, steady work. No book he had read in his younger days, he said, had made such an impression on his mind as "The Little Duke," and after the lapse of thirty or forty years, every detail was so vivid to his mind that he should be ready to pass an examination on it. "The Heir of Redclyffe," he added, had had a wonderful influence on a cohort of young men at Oxford, among them William Morris and Burne-Jones.

Dr. Conan Doyle has written a letter of protest to the *London Chronicle* complaining of the abuse which permits one man, under a variety of pseu-

donyms, to review the same book in a number of literary journals, constituting thereby what seems a consensus of opinion, favorable or otherwise, which actually represents the impressions of but a single critic. As a concrete illustration of the abuse, he cites Robertson Nicoll, who edits the *London Bookman*, furnishes a *London letter* for the *New York Bookman*, edits *The British Weekly*, and contributes reviews to sundry and divers journals over the signatures "Claudius Clear," "A Man of Kent," and "O. O." Obviously so active and widely disseminated a critic can do much to make or mar the fortunes of a book.

The traditional thriftiness of the Scotch seems to stand them in good stead in the matter of memorials to the distinguished dead. At last accounts, only about one-quarter of the fund for the erection of a statue of Byron at Aberdeen had been raised. The Academy notes the fact that the response to the appeal for an R. L. Stevenson memorial was much less heavy than was expected; while everybody seems to have forgotten about the proposed Carlyle memorial for Edinburgh. Even the fund for the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes at Mauchline, which has been before the public for four years, is incomplete, and an urgent appeal for the final five hundred pounds has been recently issued.

The suggestion that the Scotch poet, James Thomson, was affected by the influence of Walt Whitman adds to the interest with which the first American edition of his poems will be received. He has been regarded, even by his English admirers, as a genius whose chief distinction must rest upon the merits of one sincere and saddening flight of fancy. But this new collection of his verse, which appears in a most attractive form from the publish-

ing house of A. C. McClurg & Co., and bears the title of "*The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems*," affords a convenient opportunity for comparisons between his one generally known poem and the shorter verses which reveal qualities almost or quite as striking.

To draw a portrait of England's great Protector as he might have been seen not only on the battlefield, but in the quiet of his own home, is a task requiring courage and ability. In "*Cromwell's Own*" (Harper and Brothers, publishers), Arthur Paterson gives an excellent picture of the Ironsides and their leader. The romance of the story concerns two young people of Cromwell's household, one of whom, the son of an old friend, is a favorite because of his fancied resemblance to the boy Robert, whom Cromwell lost. The story reaches its conclusion soon after the victory at Marston Moor. As a study of Puritan domestic life the book is of interest, while as a story of adventure it is capital.

A book which concerns itself distinctly with the Japan of to-day, to the exclusion of all that antedates that nation's war with China, is Mr. Stafford Ransome's "*Japan in Transition*," published by the Harpers. It is an intensely interesting study of the modern problems that the Japanese are facing; and it not only furnishes photographic descriptions of actual life in the cities and villages, but ably discusses many questions of commercial and political importance in a way which business men of both England and America will find enlightening and suggestive. Mr. Ransome's conclusions with regard to the sending of engineering experts to Japan, are of especial value. A group of maps, prepared by Mr. Ransome, and a number of illustrations, including many portraits of notable Japanese, add to the attractions of the volume.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Africa, South, British Policy in. By Spenser Wilkinson. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
- Arcadians, The. By H. C. Minchin. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Archaeology, Recent, and the Bible. By the Rev. Thomas Nicoll, D. D. Blackwood & Sons.
- City of Dreadful Night, The. By James Thomson. A. C. M'Clurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Copyright in Books, Seven Lectures on the Law and History of. By Augustine Birrell, M. P. Cassell & Co.
- Crispi, Francesco: Insurgent, Exile, Revolutionist, and Statesman. By W. J. Stillman. Grant Richards.
- Cromwell's Own. By Arthur Pater-son. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- Dominion of Dreams, The. By Fiona Macleod. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Doubt, In Relief of. By the Rev. R. E. Welsh. James Bowden.
- Goulburn, Edward Meyrick: Dean of Norwich. By Berdmore Compton. John Murray.
- Human Boy, The. By Eden Phillpotts. Methuen & Co.
- Impressions of America. By T. C. Porter. C. Arthur Pearson.
- Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. Hod-der & Stoughton.
- Japan in Transition. By Stafford Ran-some. Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.
- Joubert: a Selection from his Thoughts. Translated by Katharine Lyttelton with Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Duckworth & Co.
- Oxford, Old, Outcomes of. By Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, B. N. C. F. E. Rob-inson & Co.
- Paul, St., A Life of, for the Young. By George Ludington Weed. George W. Jacobs & Co.
- Pope Leo XIII: His Life and Work. By Julien de Narfon. Chapman & Hall.
- Portuguese Power, The Rise of, in In-dia. By R. S. Whiteway. Constable & Co.
- Religious Development, Mr. Glad-stone's. By George W. E. Russell. Rivingtons.
- Russia in Asia: a Record and a Study. By Alexis Krausse. Grant Richards.
- Russia on the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. By Vladimir. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
- Shakespeare's Country. By B. C. Windle, M. A. Methuen & Co.
- Sixth Sense, The, and Other Stories. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Har-per & Brothers. Price, \$1.25.
- Streets of London, Stories of the. By H. Barton Baker. Chapman & Hall.
- Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. By George A. B. Dewar. J. M. Dent & Co.
- Zola, With, in England. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Chatto & Windus.

